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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume LX.

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No. 2265. — November 26, 1887.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXIV.

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## THE ORPHAN.

BY WALTER MORISON, D.D.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE SUFFERING CHILD.

Oh, little one, forsaken and so lone,  
 Burying thy unwished face—thy poor young heart  
 Learning despair untimely, thine no part  
 In childhood's colored joys—thou question'st not  
 Why thou art here, or whence thy piteous lot;  
 Just knowing grief, thy world a ring of gloom,  
 Thy naked feet thrust from the unchosen womb  
 To touch the cold of this hard planet's stone!  
 My God, forgive me that I do not understand,  
 But, tear-blind, walk in faith of thy great love  
 Which gave thy Son to sorrow for our sake!  
 Help me, so feeble, to be as the hand  
 By which the orphan-souled thou dost up take,  
 And lift to light, where we shall know, above!

## THE CHILD'S ANGEL.

THEIR angels always do behold God's face:  
 And, hand to sword, Avenger, by lit eye,  
 Asks that, as lightning flash, he fierce may fly  
 And smite the ostrich-hearts that on the stone  
 Have left this little one, despairing, lone,  
 Praying in sobs to heaven. Then pitying  
 Death,  
 Angel of soft black wing, low-whispering saith,  
 "Let *my* arms comfort her with their embrace!"  
 But thus the Father unto them replies—  
 "Her angel walks the earth with seeking eyes,  
 Mercy his name, ever in steps of Christ  
 Treading bare-foot, with sorrow to keep tryst!"  
 As Spring the deep-sunk roots by its warm  
 breath,  
 Love finds the wretched out in hidden place.  
 Sunday Magazine.

## A PASTORAL.

THE rosy dawn creeps up the mountain-side,  
 Touching with light, green, copse, and  
 grassy lea;  
 The world to life is wakening far and wide,  
 And songs are heard from every bush and  
 tree.  
 Come, let us hasten where the white-thorn  
 blows,  
 Or on the hedges seek the pale blush-rose.

Up! up! The fields are fresh with dews of  
 night,  
 And hear you not the strains of Corin's  
 flute?  
 They take the purple hills with such delight  
 That not an echo in their glades is mute;  
 And earth, and air, and sky are filled with  
 sound:  
 Great Nature's hymn, sweet, passionate, pro-  
 found.

Come 'neath the temple of the morning sky,  
 And let us pay our orisons to heaven;  
 The lark is singing as she soars on high,  
 Leaving the nest to which she dropped at  
 even.

If only prayer and praise be pure and true,  
 They too will rise into the vaulted blue.

What shall our organ be? The winds that  
 blow.

And what our choir? The breeze's silver  
 chime;

While clear-voiced streams that, rippling,  
 gently flow,

Will move with us in sweet melodious time.

Oh come, and we shall keep glad festival,  
 And heaven's high gates will open at our call.

Leisure Hour. CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.

## CUPID'S DECADENCE.

In ancient days, when all was young,  
 And love and hope were rife,  
 Dan Cupid fed on rustic fare,  
 And lived a country life.

He rose betimes at break of day,  
 And round the country harried:  
 Upstirring hearts that were unwed,  
 And soothing down the married.

But then, on wider mischief bent,  
 He hied him to the city;  
 And finding much to suit his taste,  
 He stayed there—more's the pity.

Men built him there a golden house,  
 Bedight with golden stars;  
 They feasted him on golden grain,  
 And wine in golden jars.

They draped his pretty nakedness  
 In richest cloth of gold,  
 And set him up in business,  
 Where love was bought and sold.

And thus he led a city life,  
 Forgetting his nativity;  
 Since then he's gone from bad to worse,  
 From Cupid to cupidity.

Academy.

ELLIOT STOCK.

## SEA DIRGE.

CRUSHED by the waves upon the crag was I,  
 Who still must hear these waves among  
 the dead,  
 Breaking and brawling on the promontory,  
 Sleepless; and sleepless is my weary head!  
 For me did strangers bury on the coast  
 Within the hateful hearing of the deep,  
 Nor Death, that lulleth all, can lull my ghost,  
 One sleepless soul among the souls that  
 sleep!

"Byways of Greek Song."

Fortnightly Review.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
MEMOIRS OF PRINCE ADAM CZARTORYSKI.\*

WHEN Prince Adam Czartoryski died in Paris, in July, 1861, he was more than a nonagenarian, having been born in Warsaw in 1770, two years before the second partition of Poland. In his family longevity is hereditary, and sorrow and exile and disappointment do not always kill their victims. At the time of his death the whole Polish party, at home and abroad, was agitated, and men according to their different temperaments, and their more or less clear-sightedness, either welcomed or dreaded the outbreak of civil and insurrectionary war, and the passionate drama of a campaign. Not only had the Hôtel Lambert at that moment its own share of personal trials, but there existed many valid public reasons why these memoirs should not, on the death of the writer, be given directly to the world. In 1862, one long fragment was, however, allowed to appear. It referred to the famous conversation with regard to Poland which occurred at the palace of La Tauride, between Alexander Pavlovitch, then under the tutelage of his grandmother the empress Catherine, and Prince Adam Czartoryski, then a subaltern in the Imperial Guard. Among the papers collected by Prince Ladislaus Czartoryski was this famous extract, intended to remind the world of 1862 that the Polish question had once been leniently viewed even by a Muscovite czar, and to show that Poland had once had advocates more worthy than the socialists, doctrinaires, and adventurers who had just hurried her into another unequal struggle. This book, arranged as it was by M. Charles de Mazade, did attract some attention, but since then another quarter of a century has elapsed, another generation has grown to manhood, and it is to us that M. Charles de Mazade now presents the early portrait of Prince Adam Czartoryski, as drawn by himself.

The book is in two volumes. The second is entirely composed of the *pièces*

*justificatives*, of the drafts of state papers, and of the letters that passed between Alexander Pavlovitch and his Polish friend. The period covered is from 1801 to 1823, two years before the death of the emperor, but when Prince Adam had already experienced the supreme and irreparable deceptions which closed at once his official career and his intimacy with the emperor. The first volume is only a fragment, covering the years between 1770 and 1809. Quantities of rough notes for a further autobiography exist, but M. de Mazade says that they are too fragmentary to be built into anything like a consecutive narrative. As regards Polish matters it is perhaps as well. They could only discover secrets better veiled, and sorrows which death has come to heal. The narrative, had it run on, must have stirred bitter memories, and perhaps for this reason the prince never elaborated his notes about the years of Poland's greatest anguish. Birds sing only in the spring; and if men after the loss of all their illusions lapse into silence, it is because, like Wordsworth's heroine, they

have no more to say  
Of that perpetual weight which on their spirit  
lay.

It is none the less tantalizing to have this autobiography close at Austerlitz. We should have wished to follow Adam Czartoryski beyond the end of the Coalition, called in Russia the War of the Forty Nations, and to have had his sketches of Tilsit and of the campaign in Russia, still spoken of as its Holy War. These themes have just inspired Count Lyof Tolstoy's "Peace and War," a book so varied and so complicated in its interest that it is rather a *Summa* or a *Commedia* than a mere historical novel. How far more delightful would it have been had Prince Adam sketched those eventful years! He could have given pictures even more faithful. He might even have rivalled the *Souvenirs* of the young Lithuanian maid of honor, Mademoiselle de Tiesenhausen (Comtesse de Choiseul-Gouffier), in her pictures of life at Wilna, when Napoleon was not only at its gates, but had stirred the hopes of the Lithuanian gentry, whom not all Alexander's

\* *Mémoires du Prince Adam Czartoryski et Correspondance avec l'Empereur Alexandre I.* Avec Préface par M. CH. DE MAZADE, de l'Académie Française. 2 vols. Paris: 1887.

blandishments could win from seeking to reconstitute their country through the help of French victories. Prince Adam has sketched the statesmen of the Coalition. We wish that he had gone on to portray Paulucci and Rostopchine, whose strategy, along with the snows of a most rigorous winter, have left to Alexander the prestige of being not only the most amiable of European sovereigns, but the only adversary before whom Napoleon succumbed.

While regretting its briefness, let us examine the fragment we have got. We shall assuredly not be disappointed. The style is delightful, and the high breeding and sweet temper of the writer give a charm to every page. Associated with the statesmen and generals of this epoch of really titanic strife, we see two human creatures of the most singular qualities, and of still more singular positions. Of this pair of friends one is the heir to the crown of all the Russias; the other is the heir of Polish palatines and the kinsman of Polish kings. One is heir presumptive to an autocratic sovereignty; the other is a hostage, put into the Guard, as an Israelite of old might have been put into the priest's office, that he "might eat a piece of bread," and purchase for his family some measure of pardon or indemnity. This situation is a moving one, and it would seize on the imagination even if there were not already, in the person, lineage, character, and accomplishments of the young Pole, many of the elements which a novelist would select for his romance. Novels are after all only the histories of what might have taken place; and history is not a mere collection of facts, multiplied and multiplying themselves as materials accumulate, but owes its most undying charm to its human interest. In these memoirs the human interest reaches a high degree of pathos.

Born in Warsaw in 1770, Adam was the eldest son of Prince Adam Casimir Czartoryski, starost-general of Podolia. Warsaw and Cracow were then rivals for the dignity of being capitals of Poland, and Warsaw was full of the palaces of the Poniatowski, Radzivil, Brühl, and Zamoyski families. Yet, assuredly, among

these proud and insubordinate families the Czartoryskis were second to none in pretensions, in lineage, and in wealth. Descendants of the Jagellons, they had for three hundred years borne the style and title of prince, and this Adam Casimir, covetous of a closed crown, actually offered himself for election to the throne of Poland when the other competitor in the field was his relative Stanislaus Poniatowski. Surnamed the Mæcenas of Poland, he was not unfit to fill the public eye. He was accomplished and generous, received foreigners with a stately courtesy, and gave to his children an education adapted to their great station and to their greater hopes. Of course he had seen some military service, but it had been under the Austrian flag, and in his political leanings he was intensely anti-Muscovite. He led a large party. His brother Michael was chancellor of Lithuania; his sister was married to Prince Lubomirski; while of his daughters, one was given in marriage to Count Stanislaus Zamoyski, and the other to Prince Louis of Würtemberg, brother of the empress Maria of Russia.

Such was the house. Yet on the birth of its heir fortune could not have been said to smile. Poland was torn by factions; its Diets and *Dietines* were hotbeds of intrigue; the nobles were impracticable, the feud between them and the peasantry had become envenomed. Adam Casimir Czartoryski saw only one thing plainly — the ambition of Catherine and its consequent danger to Poland. He sided accordingly with Stanislaus Leczinski, that king of Poland who owed his election to the invasion of Charles XII. (1704), and his re-election to the fact that his daughter Marie was the wife of Louis XV. and queen of France. Russia, on the contrary, was ever inimical to him, and, Russian influence prevailing, he was sent to end his days in Lorraine, where Nancy owes to him, even to this day, the many ornaments of her stately streets and squares.

Poland now stood on the brink of the precipice over which she was soon to be hurled, and the election of Augustus III. was so much the work of a party that for some years he was not universally ac-

knowledge. Moreover, he was at heart a Saxon and not a Polish prince, and, whenever the wars of Frederic the Great allowed of it, he resided in Dresden far more willingly than either in Warsaw or in Cracow. But if he was an indifferent absentee, there was another eye fixed day and night on this expiring majesty of Poland.

Russian statesmen are like vultures. They do not wait till their victim has rendered his last sigh, but they scent from afar the taints of weakness, instability, bankruptcy, and decay in any country or government. They mean eventually to tear the carcase piecemeal, and to pick its bones, but they begin by hovering overhead. Before indicating conquest they make tributaries, clients, debtors, and partisans; and before proceeding to partition and to the annihilation of race, language, and creeds, they will offer freely sympathy, subsidies, and help. They intrigue, they foment insurrection, they remove landmarks, separate families, abduct rulers, browbeat regents and palatines, suggest candidates, bribe electors, and sow the land with Russian roubles, which are as dragons' teeth; so that in the end they reap the crop they have long desired, "red ruin, and the breaking up" of treaties, if not of laws. Catherine, whose policy was of this stealthy sort, had her left hand busy in Georgia. One struggle more, and hers would then be the sceptre of the famous Queen Tamara, and hers the inheritance of the oldest Christian dynasty in the world. Nor was one such intrigue sufficient for her ambition. With the right hand she had for long manipulated Polish elections, and she it was who in 1764 procured the nomination of her sometime lover, Stanislaus Poniatowski.

To Adam Casimir Czartoryski that election was every way antipathetic. He at once proposed himself as a rival, and failed; but four years later the Catholic, national, and anti-Muscovite party, to which he belonged, and which was headed by Krasinski, formed itself into the so-called Confederation of Bar. Its first act was to ignore Catherine's nominee, and to declare the throne vacant. A civil war was inaugurated, and on it followed what

is termed the first partition of Poland. From that moment the sorrows of the Poles have become matters of European interest. Stanislaus Poniatowski made some futile efforts to reorganize the fragments of the country, but his hand was eminently unfitted for the task, and the Diet of Grodno, like the Confederation of Targovice, provoked fresh expressions of the antagonism existing between the two parties. A second war led to a second partition (1772), and, after the triumphs of Souvaroff and the abdication of a king who was one in name only, Poland was, in 1793, finally dismembered.

To none of these scenes had the Czartoryski and their heir, Prince Adam, been strangers. The young man was present at the Diet of 1782. There he saw the power of his family receive a heavy blow. His father, sure of the sympathy of the Lithuanians, had hoped to carry by a majority the measures he advocated, and to promote to power the men of whom he was the head. But the royal and Muscovite party proved too strong for him. Russia scored another victory, and the stubborn old starost retired to his estates in Podolia. His son says that the time passed there in hunting, coursing, fencing, and studying. The family next moved across Galicia to their estate of Pulawy, beyond Jaroslav. There their house served as a rendezvous for all who in politics and religion shared their views, and the young men had Polish and French professors, went to Carlsbad, and made a tour in Germany, visiting Goethe in Weimar. The Diet of 1787 saw them again at Warsaw; but the tide set strongly against nationalism, and in 1789 Prince Adam travelled, joined his married sister in Wurtemberg, and went with his mother to England. He stayed with Lord Lansdowne, and made, both in London and in the industrial centres of England and of Scotland, valuable studies of our social and commercial systems. In Edinburgh his name is not yet forgotten, though the group of men who founded this review, and who were his personal friends, have now all gone over to the majority.

The year 1791 was an important one to the young politician. He went through



his drill under his brother-in-law, Louis of Würtemberg, and when, after the Confederation of Targovice, Russian troops again broke into Poland, he fought at Polomna.

Now occurs a blank in the memoirs. Possibly the missing pages have been destroyed by the writer, or for him. At all events he does not explain how he came to be in England when Kosciusko fell (1793), nor how he came to be arrested in Brussels, when on his way home to carry arms under the hero of Macziewice. It was the Austrian police who stopped him, and as after the close of the campaign he went to join his parents in Vienna, it is only fair to suppose that the Austrian emperor, judging the Polish cause to be hopeless, had begged his old servant and marshal, Adam Casimir Czartoryski, to restrain the patriotic ardor of his son. The heir was kept for some time longer in Vienna, out of harm's way, and thus prevented from further endangering the family fortunes. The same imperial friend it was who next opened a negotiation with Catherine to get the Czartoryski estates restored. The czarina had confiscated them to render her great opponents powerless, but now that she had carried every position, and ruled over a dismembered and prostrate Poland, it was her policy to rally, and as it were *Russify*, as many of the great Polish nobles as she could win over to her side. Humbler houses might perish, unpitied because unnoticed, but the Czartoryski were the observed of all observers, therefore it would be well to exhibit them in her train. She accordingly replied that she would consider their case, but that as hostages for future good behavior she should first require to see both the young princes, Adam and Ladislaus, at her court. At such a demand the blood of all these palatines, old and young, rebelled. But the emperor advised a more conciliatory demeanor, and pointed out that ruin, and obliteration through ruin, stared them in the face if they persisted in asking for favors while they conceded nothing to the haughty and victorious sovereign whom they had so long withstood, in the cabinet as in the field. Perhaps the old marshal, Prince Adam Casimir, had a vague hope that this might be a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. At any rate, he gave in; a confidential tutor, named Gorski, was selected to accompany them, and on this strange errand the young men departed. Their heads were full of curiosity as to the career along which Providence and the czarina had unexpectedly started them.

Their hearts were not less full of wounded pride and patriotism, to say nothing of aversion to Catherine, whose crimes and indecorums, monstrous as they really were, had assuredly lost nothing when rehearsed in their ears by Polish tongues. Their position was painful enough, but on reaching St. Petersburg they found that it was not singular. The struggle being over it was to be expected that Catherine would make some arrangement of the vast confiscated estates of the malcontent Polish aristocracy. Many hastened up to the capital to assist at the *curée*. Some hoped to enrich themselves in the general scramble, some to gratify an old grudge, and some, like the young Czartoryski, to save a little out of this vast wreck.

Russian society was then, as it is today, the mere reflection of the court. This is Prince Adam's first impression of it:—

It might be compared to the vestibule of a temple where all present had only ears and eyes for the divinity before whom they burned incense. . . . The Empress Catherine, the immediate author of the ruin of Poland—Catherine, whose very name disgusted us, cursed as she was by every one who carried a Polish heart in his breast, this Catherine, who if judged out of her capital had neither virtue nor even the decency required in a woman, had gained none the less, in her own country, and above all in its capital, the veneration, nay even the love, of her subjects. Through the long years of her reign, the army, the privileged classes, and the administrators had had days of lustre and of prosperity. It is beyond a doubt that ever since her accession the Muscovite empire had gained in consideration both at home and abroad, and that order was established at home as it had never been during the preceding reigns of Anne and of Elizabeth. Men's minds were still full of the ancient fanaticism of a base adoration for their autocrats, and the Russians had been confirmed in this servility by the prosperous reign of Catherine, and this although some gleams of European civilization had already pierced among them. Thus the whole nation, the great folk just as much as the small, and the poor just as well as the rich, felt themselves to be in no way scandalized at her depravity, nor at the crimes and murders committed by their sovereign. To her everything was permitted—her luxury wore a halo; and men no more thought of criticising her debaucheries than did the pagans who respected the crimes and obscenities of their Olympian gods and Roman Cæsars. . . . As for this Muscovite Olympus, it was in three stages. The first and lowest was occupied by the young princes and princesses, grandchildren of the Empress, who, full of graces, all promised the fairest futures. The solitary tenant of the second sphere was Grand Duke Paul, whose gloomy

temper and fantastic disposition inspired all sorts of terrors, and some contempt. At the summit of the edifice sat Catherine the Great, in all the prestige of her victories and of her prosperity; secure in the love of the subjects whom she led about at her good will and pleasure. All those hopes to which the sight of the young court gave rise could only have their fruition in a distant future, and they in no way took off from the general affection for the Czarina, or from her supreme authority: nay, the young court was considered as an emanation or creation of the reigning power. And in truth Catherine reserved to herself the exclusive education of her grandchildren. Any influence of either father or mother was forbidden. From their birth the princes and princesses had been withdrawn from parental hands, and thus grew up under the eyes of Catherine, to whom alone they seemed to belong. The Grand Duke Paul served as a mere shadow which only heightened the effect of this picture. The very terror which he inspired strengthened the general attachment to the government of Catherine, for all must desire that the reins of government should long remain in the strong hands of his mother. Just as every one was afraid of Paul, so all admired the capabilities of a mother who was able to keep him in subjection to herself, and far from a throne which belonged to him by right.

This is a masterly sketch, and it is followed by many more, all equally well drawn, of Catherine's minions the brothers Zubow, and of despotic proconsuls like Toutoulmine, of Bezborodko, of the vice-chancellor Ostermann, and of Poles like his kinsman Lubomirski, come up to recover their fortunes, or of travellers like De Ségur and the Prince de Ligne, come to hear the wisdom and see the splendors of this Semiramis of the North.

Prince Adam does not mention Grimm. Perhaps the proud young Polish officer secretly despised the factotum who was flatterer-in-chief to the czarina, and who busied himself now with her literary efforts, now with her lace ruffles, and now with the marriages of the eligible young grand dukes and duchesses in Germany and all the Russias. The two men certainly looked at her from very different points of view. Both felt the originality of her character and the strength of her will; but Prince Adam, sick at heart from her tyranny, was blind to the gaiety and power of pleasing which she possessed, and which she herself valued as her strongest points. This is how she and the young Polish officer met: "It was long before she would see us; but when we were presented to her she met us with her fixed smile, but was gracious enough to add, 'Your age recalls that of your father when

I first saw him. I hope that you enjoy yourselves in this country.'" A Capua for Polish spirits she hoped that St. Petersburg might prove, and accordingly that evening the young men were admitted to dine in her presence at one of those dinners with which Grimm has made us familiar.

There, in front of the imperial sofa and of the sovereign of All the Russias, we talk and chat of things gay, serious, or frivolous; often gaily of grave things, often gravely of trifles. The *entrée* to the Hermitage makes every one equal, and one leaves one's rank with one's hat and one's sword at the door. In the dining-room there are two tables, placed side by side, each with ten covers. The service is done mechanically, no servants wait, and the lieutenant de police is *sold*, for he can never send a single report to her Majesty of what passes at those dinners. The places are drawn by lot, and it sometimes happens that the empress finds herself placed at a corner of her own table, and that M. Grimm, or some other man of his value, occupies the centre.\*

To be so entertained was indeed a mark of favor, and the brothers accordingly received next day from flatterers many compliments on the step which they had made in her imperial good graces. As to their estates, Catherine long observed a diplomatic and cruelly tantalizing silence. She had exhibited the hostages in her triumph, but they had as yet received nothing from the supposed clemency of their conqueror. At last she sent to let them know that it was impossible for her even to think of granting anything to their father. The whole of his estates in Podolia were declared to be forfeited to the crown, but to Prince Adam and his brother the value of forty-two thousand souls (male serfs) was to be paid over, to enable them to live in a manner suitable to their station. It was understood, if not expressed, that these supplies were to be subject to good behavior, so the young men could see no term to their involuntary residence in the capital. They paid over to their parents the fortune they had received, put on uniforms of the Russian Imperial Guard, and prepared to make the best of life at the court of a woman who had not only dismembered their country, but annexed their estates, and outwitted themselves.

While on duty Adam Czartoryski attracted the attention of the young Grand Duke Alexander Pavlovitch. Eldest of the sons of Paul Petrovitch and of Maria of Württemberg, Alexander was really what

\* Melchior Grimm, par Edmond Scherer, p. 263.

he was wont to term himself, "a happy accident." His brother Constantine, who already reproduced much of their father's strangeness and brutality, could not be termed an equally happy effort of nature, and Catherine's education was in many ways a peculiar one. Separated by her from his parents, and little attracted to his brother Constantine, Alexander's generous sensibilities ran out in friendships, while in his head there fermented an odd mixture of the autocratic traditions of his race with the maxims of Colonel La Harpe, the Swiss tutor to whom his education had been committed. He was early married to a grand duchess of Baden, but the alliance contracted at sixteen years of age was not one of intense affection. As for Constantine's union with one of the daughters of the house of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, suffice it to say that it was one of the first of the great marriages by which that family has allied itself to every reigning house in Europe, and that, though it was of short duration, it was very far from happy.

Alexander soon distinguished the two Czartoryskis, and Empress Catherine

saw with favorable eyes a *liaison* establishing itself between her grandson and the two brothers. She approved of the friendship, but assuredly without guessing its true motive, or what might have been its consequences. I imagine that in her mind, and considering the ideas prevalent about the splendor of the Polish aristocracy, she thought it useful to attach a powerful family to her grandson. . . . We made excursions together on foot every day, for Grand Duke Alexander enjoyed walking and visiting the neighboring villages; and then it was that he gave vent to his favorite themes. He was under the charm of early youth, which creates images and dwells on them without considering their impossibilities, and which constructs projects without limit for a future without an end. His opinions were those of a pupil of '89, who wishes to see republics everywhere, and esteems only that form of government which is conformable to the wishes and the rights of humanity.

On one spring day in 1796, just after the court had moved out to the palace known as La Tauride, Alexander begged Prince Adam to meet him, that he might show him the so-called "English garden," and that they might talk together at their ease. The conversation, which for one of the party at least was to be so momentous, lasted three hours.

The grand duke told me that the conduct of myself and my brother, our resignation under an existence which must be painful to us, and the calm indifference with which we accepted favors that in our eyes had no merit, had en-

gaged his esteem and gained his affection. He sympathized with our sentiments, guessed them, and approved of them, so that he had felt the necessity of enlightening us as to his real way of thinking, and that he could not bear the idea that we should take him to be that which he was not. He told me that he in no degree shared the policy or approved of the conduct of the cabinet, and was far from approving that of his grandmother; that he condemned her principles; that the Poles had his best wishes in Poland's glorious struggle; that he deplored her fall; that Kosciuszko was, in his eyes, both great by his virtues and by the cause he defended, which was that of justice and humanity. He further confessed to me that he detested despotism wherever or by whomsoever exercised; that he loved liberty, to which all men have an equal right; that he had taken a most lively interest in the French Revolution; and that, while he deplored its greatest excesses, he wished all success to the Republic, and rejoiced in it. . . . He said that he could not confide his sentiments to any one, because no one in Russia was capable of understanding them, but that for the future I must feel how sweet it would be for him to have some one to whom he could open his heart, and do so with entire confidence. This conversation was interwoven, as may be supposed, with expressions of friendship on his part, and of amazement, gratitude, and protestations of devotion on mine. When I left him I was, I must confess it, transported as it were out of myself, and deeply moved, not knowing, indeed, whether it was a reality or a dream. . . . I was young, and full of such exalted thoughts and feelings that phenomenal things did not astonish me, and I believed willingly in what seemed to me great and good—I was under a charm, easy to be supposed, and to this young prince, so privileged by Providence, and sent upon earth, as I believed, for the good of mankind and of Poland, I vowed an attachment which knew no bounds. . . . Many persons, especially countrymen of my own, have since blamed me for having believed too much in the asseverations of Alexander, and I have often been obliged to maintain before his detractors that these opinions of his were sincere, and by no means feigned. When Alexander was nineteen years of age, when he spoke to me in secret, and that with an effusion of feeling which was palpably a relief to him, about opinions and feelings which he hid from all the world, he did so because he really did so feel, and had a real need for confiding them to some one. What other motive could he have had? Whom did he wish to deceive? He followed, then, the leanings of his own heart, and he expressed but the thoughts of his own mind.

Alexander, besides his liberal opinions, had other tastes and other dreams. He had a great love of nature and of country life, and to it he often threatened to re-

tire, though, like his father, he loved military spectacles and military details. *Paradomania* was perhaps the only taste which Paul and his sons had in common, but a circumstance was at hand which was to bring into stronger relief the terrible oddities of Paul, and the defective education which Catherine had given to the grand-dukes Alexander and Constantine.

That authoritative and high-tempered empress was suddenly called to her account. She had just received an affront from the young king of Sweden, come to her court to engage the hand of one of her granddaughters. We know by Grimm's correspondence how closely she had these establishments at heart, and how she ransacked every court to find the *cadets* or *cadettes* suited to her purpose. This bridegroom had the hardihood to break off the match after the court had assembled to witness his betrothal. The ground assigned was that it would be impossible for him, in a Protestant country, to allow the bride to have in Stockholm a chapel where the rites of the Russo-Orthodox Church could be celebrated. Catherine was intensely mortified, and her face wore, says Prince Adam, a sombre expression of sadness and fury, though she received all her guests with impassive firmness.

It was November. The weather was foggy and cold, but the Grand Duke Alexander continued his walks on the quays. One day he met my brother, and after walking for some time they stopped at the gateway of the house which we occupied. I had just reached it, and we were all there standing talking when a messenger from the Palace arrived, and told the grand duke that Count Soltykov expected him for a matter of great urgency. The grand duke left at once, unable to guess what could be the cause of the pressing summons. It was soon known that the empress had had an apoplectic fit. She had for some time had very swelled feet, but would not follow the orders of any physician, alleging that she did not believe in doctors, and applying at her own hand some old woman's remedies of which her waiting woman had told her. . . . Lying, as it were, insensible, the empress only once opened her eyes. It was on the approach of her faithful valet, Zachary; then with a look of intense suffering she laid her hand on her heart, and closed her eyes never to open them again in this world. That was the only sign of consciousness she ever gave; but the doctors assembled, and for the space of three days lavished on her all the resources of their art. It was useless.

There was in Catherine's resistance to all remedies a something grimly appropriate.

She had been wont to boast that "no Esculapius of them all had ever passed her door." She believed in gaiety and cold baths, in an *orviolan*, and in Bestoujef's drops — a quack medicine which she was apt to administer in the palace rather at hazard. But now she had come to the end of her simple pharmacopœia, or, rather, as Madame de Staël would have said, "the forces of that powerful life were exhausted." The czarina died of overwork of the brain. She had written just before her seizure to Grimm, in that tone of banter which she used with him, about her literary occupations. She was engaged on a work (not her autobiography) which would be, she assured him, very useful to the country, and remedial in a hundred thousand ways. There can be little doubt that, from the text of her own arguments, she preached in it the immediate succession of her grandson Alexander to a throne which she had ever treated her son as unfit to fill. Familiarity with these views of hers goes far to explain Alexander's subsequent conduct, and his first ukase, in which he speaks of himself as intended to continue the measures of his ever-glorious grandmother. She says of the book she was compiling: —

It is the most stupid work in the world! it is immense! the six chapters I have written are each of them marvels in their own way, and I put into it all an amount of work, exactitude, wit, and genius of which I never supposed myself to be capable. I am quite amazed at myself when I finish a chapter. Heaven bless those who will have to carry all this out! It is really a curious affair; and I shall require another year to finish it. *I work hard, and I am so taken up with it that even during sleep my head composes whole chapters.*

Here we have unconscious cerebration; and when to this irritable state of the brain we add the blow to her pride just received before her assembled court of grandchildren, favorites, flatterers, and officials, it is not unfair to say that Gustavus IV. shortened the empress's life by some years. We resume Prince Adam's account of her last hours: —

The morning after her seizure the fatal news spread through the town. Those who had the *entrée* crowded to the court in all the haste of fear, and with anxious doubts as to what might be going to happen. Most of the assisting spectators expressed sincere grief, while there were many whose pale and fallen faces betrayed their dread of losing the advantages they enjoyed, and of having to give an account of their stewardship. My brother and I were among those present at these scenes of terror

and regret. Prince Platon Zubow, dishevelled, and in the utmost consternation, was remarked by all. Well might he be in despair, and so might those whose fortunes had been made through him.

This the last of Catherine's favorites had been an officer of her Guard, and only twenty-four years of age when the czarina cast her eyes on him, and with her usual cynicism first promoted him to the rank of general, and then that of count, and finally gave him the title of prince, with promotions and favors for his brothers proportioned to her predilection for himself. He had a great deal of courage of a certain sort, as when Catherine once wrote to Grimm that she and General Zubow sat together translating Plutarch's "Lives" to the noise of the Swedish cannon at the battle of Swenska-Sund; one of the engagements of a war which left her so short of men that she had to put the very *frotteurs* of her palaces into the ranks. But Platon Zubow's courage was not proof against the trial of these November days of gloom and uncertainty.

He spent hours in destroying papers which might have compromised him, and in running to ascertain whether any of the remedies in use promised recovery for the empress. The confusion was now so great that all court etiquette was suspended. We penetrated into the room where the empress lay stretched on a mattress on the floor. She was insensible, but breathing heavily, like a machine about to stop. When Prince Platon had learnt from the doctors that all chance of recovery was lost, he first destroyed some papers, and then sent off his brother Nicholas to Gatschina to inform the Grand Duke Paul of the state in which the empress-mother lay. Although Paul had occupied himself about the possibilities of recovery, he was very much impressed by the tidings, and reached St. Petersburg in no small stir as to the fate before him, particularly if his mother should even yet contrive to rally. As long as any movement remained in her limbs Paul would not assume the power which had already devolved on him. He would see no one, and remained either with the body, or in his own rooms. Thence twice a day he conducted his whole family to a lugubrious visit to a body which was as good as lifeless. One of those whom he so occupied, and whom he hardly ever allowed to be out of his sight, was his eldest son: the heir of whom he was all the more jealous that he had been trained to supersede rather than to succeed his father. Alexander gave, during those hours, no sign of ambition, and Paul entered on the position from which he had been so long debarred.

Never was there on any stage a transformation scene as complete as that pro-

duced by the accession of Paul Petrovitch. It was not to say that ministers and officials were changed, but faces, costumes, fashions, occupations, amusements, all were altered. Paul, hating and hated by his mother, had for thirty-five years suffered every deprivation, and endured a yoke which made him determine now to reverse the whole order of government as established by her. He called up to St. Petersburg the regiments which he used to drill at Gatschina, and taking his son Constantine into his confidence, arranged many parades, and gave free vent to his mania for Prussian uniforms. But one of his exhibitions was of a more tragic and dramatic sort. He disinterred the body of his murdered father, Peter III.; had it laid out in state beside the corpse of Catherine; and set as watchers at this terrible lying-in-state all those officers and friends of the czarina who had first had a share in the murder, and had then been raised by her to the great functions of state. For forty days and nights — the forty days of expectation during which, according to the Russian creed, the soul still lingers about its former tenement of clay — did this lugubrious vigil last, and Prince Adam, who saw the close of it, says that some of these men, hardened intriguers and conspirators as they were, came out of the ordeal more dead than alive. By this time the Zubows, looking like dethroned sovereigns, had retired into the provinces, and Paul had filled their places with persons whose obscurity of birth was only to be equalled by their incapacity for office. His caprices were terrible, and even when terrible still ridiculous. Cruel and arbitrary regulations harassed every class; every detail of dress, and hair, and beard became a cause of vexatious tyranny; and had the czar's fits of fury not been varied by the intervals of calm which the empress Maria and Mademoiselle de Nelidoff procured, life would have soon become impossible. The intriguers who separated this half-frenzied czar from those two wise and soothing counsellors did much to hasten the catastrophe.

It is and it will remain a question how far Alexander was an accomplice in a crime which rid the Russias of this strange ruler. The "Memoirs of Prince Adam Czartoryski" throw, we think, new light on the question of his innocence or his guilt. The evidence is not only given dispassionately, but is so consonant with the character of Alexander Pavlovitch, that we are disposed to accept it as the



true reading. Alexander, romantic and sentimental, had a horror of despotism, and he saw in his father a furious and fatuous copy of the hard absolutism of the late czarina. Alexander was vain, with the vanity which never tires of fancies, or of contemplating new and varied rôles for self-display. Hence his wish to have an opportunity to do good; hence also his longing to have an opportunity to shine. Hardly had Paul been crowned in the Kremlin when the heir began to occupy himself about the fairer future which he intended, when his turn came, to give to Holy Russia. Adam Czartoryski was again his confidant.

A despotism, sometimes bizarre, sometimes terrifying, and even cruel, produced on the grand duke a lively and painful impression, filled as that mind was with conceptions of liberty and justice. . . . My brother and I, having got three months' leave, meant to go from Moscow direct to our parents in Poland. Alexander was sad and uneasy at the prospect of remaining without any friend in whom he could confide. He asked me to *draw up and leave with him the draft of the proclamation which should make known his resolutions in the first moment when sovereignty should devolve on him.* (The whole court was in Moscow on account of Paul's coronation.) In vain I resisted. He left me no peace till I had formulated on paper the ideas with which he was incessantly occupied. To tranquillize him I had to yield, and I drew up hastily enough, but to the best of my ability, this projected proclamation. It was a series of "*Whereas*," in which I exposed the drawbacks of the *régime* under which Russia had up to the present moment existed, and all the advantages of the new one which Alexander wished to give her. It dwelt on the benefits of liberty and justice, to be enjoyed after the trammels which now hindered her prosperity should have been removed. Finally it announced the reformer's determination, after accomplishing his supreme task, then to abdicate, and to hand over his power to the one whom he had found most worthy of exercising it, and who would then be called on to consolidate and perfect the great work inaugurated by him. Need I say how little applicable to the real state of affairs were all the fine arguments and phrases which I strung together? Alexander was enchanted with my performance, because it chimed in with his fancy of the moment, highly elevated, though in truth intensely egotistical, as that was! He put the paper in his pocket, and thanked me effusively for my work, which tranquillized him, he said, as to his future.

Our space will not permit us to follow the czarevitch through the labyrinth of intrigues which culminated in the great conspiracy. His friend was in Italy

when, like a clap of thunder, the news of Paul's murder burst on him.

The first effect of these unexpected tidings was amazement, accompanied by a sort of terror, but these feelings soon gave place to joy. Paul had never been liked, not even by those whom he patronized, or by those who had made use of him. He was too capricious; no one could depend upon him. The messenger who brought the news to the Russian legation was like a deaf and dumb man; he answered no questions, and uttered only some incomprehensible sounds, being at once under the impression of fear and of rigid orders to observe silence. He handed to me a few lines traced by the Emperor Alexander, requesting me to return, and that without loss of time, to St. Petersburg.

This letter, probably the first penned by the new ruler of Russia, is the first of those which M. Charles de Mazade has put together, and we transcribe it. It is a literary and historical curiosity.

March 17, 1801.

You have already learnt, my dear friend, that by the death of my father I am at the head of affairs. I am silent as to the details, meaning to give them by word of mouth. I write to you that you may pass on immediately all the business of your mission to whoever comes next to you in seniority, and set off for St. Petersburg.\* I need not say with what impatience I await you. I hope that, Heaven watching over you by the way, you will be brought here safe and well. Adieu, dear friend! I cannot say more to you, but to allow you to pass the frontier I enclose a passport.

ALEXANDER.

This letter was written seven days after the murder, which happened on the 10th (O.S.), and the passport, owing to the agitation of the writer, gives a wrong style and title to the Pole. Prince Adam hurried northwards, and from a nominal legation accredited to a king of Sardinia who had no longer any kingdom. He had much to see and much to learn in St. Petersburg, for, kept in honorable exile by the jealousy of Paul, he could not be in any degree privy to the conspiracy which for months had really been an open secret. It was planned by the fallen brothers Zubow, by Panin, and by Pahlen, and it was by the two last-named officials that Alexander was first talked over into conniving at a forced abdication by the czar. Prince Adam naturally makes the best case for his imperial friend's share in the tragedy, but he could hardly forget that famous manifesto drawn up by him-

\* Prince Adam was at that time employed in the Russian legation at Turin.

self for the event of Alexander's accession to power, which was, to say the least of it, symptomatic of an approaching and wished-for change. We will even suppose that abdication and deposition had been the only things openly spoken of; but, called by whatever name or names, the struggle with a madman to force him to resign a sovereignty which was backed up by one hundred thousand troops could hardly, even by this sentimental czarevitch, have been expected to end in any way except the one which "use and wont" had rendered tolerably familiar to Muscovite czars and their courtiers.

Prince Adam reveals no secrets told him by Alexander, but he devotes a whole chapter to the tale of the murder. It is one of which many variants exist, and for the obvious reason that precisely the persons most directly implicated were those least anxious to divulge what passed. M. de Langeron's account is allowed to be fairly correct, and M. de la Roche-Aymon's to be fanciful. Rabbe ascribes the crime entirely to English agents, and throws the blame on English ministers and the necessity of opening the ports of the Baltic to English trade. Madame de Choiseul-Gouffier (*née* Tiesenhausen), albeit an ardent admirer of Alexander, twice enters upon the subject of the murder. Her account of it was criticised by the friends of Count Pahlen, as well as by all those not disposed to believe that nothing worse was originally planned than a more or less forced abdication. Prince Adam says that he got all the details from General Beningsen, the man who literally forced from the czar the signature to the act which the conspirators presented. But the narrative as furnished by this Hanoverian veteran differs in many important respects from the account given by another witness, and it differs precisely on those points which inculpate the narrator. Beningsen not only avers that he was not in the room when the emperor was strangled, but that he had forgotten (!) to whom the scarf belonged with which the fatal deed was done. Here Madame de Choiseul differs from him, and we also happen to have from the family of the officer on duty that night particulars which confirm her judgment, and land on Beningsen and Pahlen all the guilt, which the former tries to disown. In the first place some violence must have been intended, because the trap-door in the floor of the czar's room was fastened by the conspirators, and this with the connivance of the officer on duty. They were all aware that Paul

had closed the egress through his wife's apartment, and having locked the trap, they felt they could reckon on the isolation of their victim. The conspirators first met and drank pretty deep into the night, so that none of them were really sober when they appeared before Paul. They had already murdered the sentry in the passage, and on finding that the door of the emperor's room offered some resistance, Pahlen broke it open. He had in his hand when he did so a snuff-box given him by Paul, only a few days previously, when the emperor had spoken to him of a conspiracy on foot, and when Pahlen had reassured him by asking how that could be, "for if there were such a thing, I should be sure to have heard of it." Now the half-naked czar confronted Pahlen with the angry exclamation, "What, *you* there, Pahlen!" Beningsen then stepped forward, acting as spokesman for the rest, and told the emperor that he must abdicate. Up to this moment, thanks to the complicity of the officer on duty at the foot of the staircase, the conspirators had had it all their own way; but now a noise frightened them and made them fear that a rescue was being attempted. It really came from the empress's rooms. She, hearing the scuffle, ran out, and swooned at the back of Paul's door. An attendant offered a glass of water, but the Cossack on guard in her passage, fearing treachery also in this case, dashed down the glass, and ran to fill another from a source which he knew was unpoisoned. Meanwhile to the frenzy of their deep potations the conspirators now added the stimulant of fear. Paul must die; he must not be rescued, must not survive to tell who had threatened him, nor even to plot, in an enforced confinement, vengeance on those who had robbed him of power. He had already tested the trap-door, and on finding it locked had given way to a paroxysm of terror and fury. Then it was that the armed men closed in upon him; the brothers Zubow, so eager for revenge, being the keenest, and Nicholas Zubow striking the first blow with a chair. This prostrated him. The sash of Pahlen seemed to be the weapon most suitable for their purpose, namely, to inflict a violent death which should leave few traces of violence, and which might be ascribed to a fit. The Courlander's sash was tied round the emperor's neck, and then the officer on guard (a Russian *pur sang*) noticed a strange instance of the divinity which, in the native Russian breast, does hedge in the white czar. All the Russians fell

back, and as Beningsen pulled the ends of the scarf to strangulation, they said to each other aside, and in Russian, "It is a dog's trick—better let the German dog do it."

Most of the conspirators were too tipsy to be very cautious, or to remember distinctly all the incidents of that night, but Nicholas Zubow, the same who had first told Paul of the demise of Empress Catherine, started off so as to be the first to inform the czarevitch that the crown was now his. It is only fair to let Prince Adam tell in his own words how that intelligence was received:—

Agitated by the thousand confused doubts, terrors, and uncertainties which tore his soul, Alexander had that night flung himself, still dressed, upon his bed. Towards one o'clock there came a knock at his door, and he beheld entering Nicholas Zubow, with his head dishevelled, his face inflamed by the wine he had drunk, and by the fury of the murder hardly yet consummated. He strode up to the grand duke, who was sitting up in bed, and said, in a hoarse whisper, "All is done!" "What is it that has been done?" cried Alexander in consternation. His ears seem to become hard of hearing. Perhaps he was afraid to hear what he had to be told, while Zubow was, for his part, afraid to say out what had happened. This lengthened the conversation, and so far was *murder* from the grand duke's thoughts that he did not at first admit such a possibility. At last he noticed that the count always addressed him as "Sire," and "Your Majesty," while he took himself to be only a regent. . . . The grand duke was not ambitious, he never was so, and the idea of having caused his father's death was horrible to him. It was as a sword plunged into his conscience, as a stain which must attach forever to his reputation. I have never learnt anything about the first interview between the mother and the son after the crime. What did they say to each other? What explanations could they give of that which had just taken place?

None, indeed, except those which lay in the character of Alexander Pavlovitch. Intermittent in his sympathies, fantastic in his imagination, and sentimental rather than affectionate, he was a weak man who generally halted between two opinions. He dreamt noble things and talked of them, and imagined that promises and professions were equivalent to the deeds which ought to have proved and ratified them. He had many fine qualities, but the gods themselves cannot take back their gifts, and he had not escaped from the neurosis which rendered his grandfather, father, and brother Constantine more or less dangerous lunatics. In him there was the same unsound caprice. He

was a fountain pouring forth sweet waters and bitter, and he was worried by a sense of his own self-contradictions, which were so incessant that there is hardly a point in his career which is not marked by the strangest vacillations, one might almost say by alternations, of policy. Tilsit is so far a case in point, as it exhibits a sudden friendship for the Napoleon who had worsted him at Austerlitz, and whom he was to ruin at the Beresina. But it is not a perfect case of his alternate policy, because at Tilsit he was able to injure Prussia, and to prick out on the map of Europe the limits of a sort of duchy of Warsaw; both points which he had had at heart for some time before and after he struck hands with Napoleon. But Memel in 1802 is a genuine illustration of a caprice, and Adam Czartoryski did not scruple to tell his whimsical master that the personal sympathies he had conceived for the royal family of Prussia caused him to see Prussia no longer as a European State or a political question, and that this friendship had had most injurious effects on the campaign.

Alexander's friendship with Speransky is another instance. He made of that pope's son his finance minister, and employed him to draw up the *swod* or code of laws by which Russians were for the future to be governed. But notwithstanding this code, with which the emperor was as much delighted as he had ever been with Prince Adam's famous manuscript proclamation for his accession, ukases were to continue; that is to say, codes were to give way at any moment to a sudden, sharp, and peremptory expression of the single autocratic will which governed the Russias. Speransky was at the summit of power, when one morning he was dragged out of bed and hurried off to Siberia. No *swod* was consulted as to his case. The czar had yielded to his enemies, to the reactionary party who hated the upstart, his Protestant marriage, and his theories. Before long Alexander repented, and Michael Speransky ruled as governor-general of Siberia, over the very provinces to which he had come a few months before as an exile—again without any trial or invocation of the *swod*.

Instances of his caprices might easily be multiplied. He went to war on account of the seizure and murder of the Duc d'Enghien, but was content later to receive Caulaincourt as French ambassador. He banished the Jesuits, but went often to pray in the chapels of Catholic convents. His relations with the Lithu-

anian gentry during the French march on Moscow, as given by Madame de Choiseul-Gouffier, are a study in themselves, and so was the cruelly tantalizing game that he played with Madame de La Bédoyère when the Allies were in Paris, and when he did not procure her husband's reprieve. What wonder, then, if in 1801, dreaming of a Utopia to be founded by himself, and hard pressed by Panin and Pahlen, he closed his eyes to the possibility of a foul deed of murder, and contemplated the mirage of his fancies while the crime was being committed which has ever since been supposed to have had his unfilial sanction?

What wonder either that this man of fair promises and of ever-changing purposes broke his servant Adam Czartoryski's heart? But we must not hurry on to that *dénouement*. We find Prince Adam newly returned to St. Petersburg, and occupied officiously, but not officially, in the emperor's suite till 1803. It is curious to find him drawing up a State paper about the means necessary for concluding the occupation and subjection of Georgia, of which the last sovereign, George XIII., had in 1801 made over the sceptre to Russia. That result was not welcome in the country, and to say nothing of the unsubdued hill tribes, Lesghians, Ossetes, and the like, an attempt had been made at, or even after, the eleventh hour, to rally the national party, and to rescue Queen Maria while she was being carried by force through the gates of the Caucasus to Russia.

In 1803 Adam Czartoryski accepted, after many entreaties, the portfolio of foreign affairs. If he was to accept office at all in a Russian Cabinet, it was easy to see that this place would possess charms, and to reward him for accepting the place as adjunct to the chancellor Worontzow, Alexander named him curator of the University of Wilna, in other words, left in his patriotic hands the charge of public education throughout those provinces of Poland which now formed part of the Russian Empire. In 1804 he obtained the sole charge of the external and diplomatic relations of Russia, and he was in office when the great Coalition of 1805 was formed.

The fibre of Alexander's mind had hardened considerably in these four years. Liberal reveries were forgotten, like the famo's project of abdication; if he was justly reproached for leaving unpunished the murder of Paul, he did not choose his counsellors or friends among the men of

the 10th of March, but, shaking off Pahlen and Panin, he worked with advisers such as Novosiltzow, La Harpe, Paul Stroganow, and Adam Czartoryski. A few Poles were admitted to places of trust; a code was drawn up by Speransky and Rozenkämpf, and order began to appear in the chaos of Russian finances and of Russian affairs. Prince Adam complains of the way in which M. Thiers, in his "History of the Consulate and the Empire," speaks of the cabinet of Emperor Alexander. They were not so very young politicians; Kotchubey and Novosiltzow, at least, had no right to the epithet, and by their measures Russian policy was dragged, as it were, out of the ruts in which it had too long staggered, and the empire put on a footing which could compare with other civilized European countries. As for their foreign policy, they might with fairness aver that the bias of public opinion, making itself felt in Russia as in other countries, led on the emperor and the Cabinet of the emperor to the conception and execution of a general plan when hostilities should become inevitable.

The story of the great Coalition is well known, and has been often written; but we venture to think it has never been told so fairly, so lucidly, and so succinctly as by Prince Adam Czartoryski. We will go so far as to say that his account of it is superior to that of M. Thiers, even when we read the pages which are not personal to the minister of foreign affairs.

In the second volume will be found the secret instructions given to M. de Novosiltzow when he was sent to England (1804) to arrange a mediation. They are alluded to by M. Thiers, but in all probability he never saw them in their original shape. They were another day-dream of Alexander's, who flattered himself that Russia and England would be able to guarantee the peace and safety of Europe. To Mr. Pitt and Lord Harrowby the plan must have appeared rather visionary than practical, and we know that it ended in bringing "not peace, but a sword," resulting in no mediation, but in the third coalition against France. Alexander became exasperated first by the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, then by the occupation of Hanover, and by Napoleon's pompous coronation in Italy. War was inevitable, and he was to take the field; but this account of his start is characteristic:—

The moment had come for the emperor to draw near to the theatre of events, but in proportion as we saw the moment of action coming nearer, I perceived that his resolution

began to ebb. All the same we started, and throughout the journey the couriers of M. d'Alopeus brought us disquieting reports as to the effect produced in Prussia by the movement of Russian troops. Alexander determined to halt at Pulawy in the house of my family, wishing to pay them a visit. The idea of forcing a passage through Prussia was not yet abandoned, and, furthermore, Alexander persisted in his idea of declaring himself King of Poland. I had to write to Count Razumovsky to sound the court of Vienna as to such a combination. Austria did not appear averse to it, while stipulating that the old frontier of Galicia should be maintained. Lord Gower, returned from a journey to England, met us. . . . He told us that were Poland to be reconstituted, England would consent.

Alexander won all hearts in Warsaw and in Posen, and went on to Berlin, where he had a brilliant reception, and signed the treaty of Potsdam, Nov. 3, 1805.

The battle of Austerlitz is described on page 409. When it was lost, Adam Czartoryski went in the gathering twilight to rejoin his master.

The emperor was excessively exhausted and depressed; the violent emotion told on his bodily health, and I was alone in nursing him. We spent three days and nights before reaching Hollbach, and in passing through the villages we heard nothing but the confused cries of those who sought in drink a forgetfulness of their reverses. At the end of some hours of marching we reached a better sort of town, and there I procured a room for the emperor, and we got a little rest, though our horses were kept saddled and ready in case of a pursuit. . . . I should have liked to bring about a meeting between the two emperors, so as to assure their safety, but I did not succeed in this. The Emperor Francis went on his way, charging me with words of consolation for Alexander. They were all to the same effect, and assured us that he had already passed through similar disasters, and that though we had been directly hit by this blow we ought not to despair.

Here closes the autobiography of Adam Czartoryski, but we must not part with him before giving a glance at his later years.

Faithful to Polish interests, he was at the Congress of Vienna, and we have the good fortune to possess, in the prince's own handwriting, his account of the business as it related to the Polish provinces.

The many misfortunes which befell the monarchies of Europe had had their root in the conduct of the three States which first reaped the fruits of the unjust partition of Poland, and then spent the strength

that might have overcome revolution and stemmed invasions in watching each other, and in trying to obtain even larger shares of the spoil. This it had been which opened the fields of Germany to French armies; this it was which lent a Polish legion to the armies of Bonaparte, and which made his approach to Wilna such a menace to the Russian strength. But it is none the less true, as Prince Adam remarks —

that when the Congress of Vienna assembled, no one gave a thought to Poland. I will, however, say a few words to you (Paris, Jan. 28, 1847) as to the congress from the Polish point of view.

The Poles had fought to the bitter end with Napoleon, they had fixed their hopes on him, and, as his allies, remained, like the King of Saxony, under the ban. The Emperor Alexander was the first who showed a desire to re-create a Poland, and to be its king. This declaration alarmed the whole congress, and its members saw in this desire vast and ambitious views of Russia which were alarming for Europe. That, indeed, was one manner of explaining the persistency of the Emperor in getting his project accepted. The interminable discussions which followed on it delayed the progress of the congress, and ended by degenerating into personal bitterness between Alexander and the representatives — especially of Austria and England. In order to place the Czar in a disagreeable alternative, and so force him to abandon his plan, one of two things was proposed to him: either to re-establish a great and entirely independent Poland, or to make a definitive partition of the country without reference to its former nationality. From this proposition sincerity was, unfortunately, wanting, and the notion of an independent Poland was neither followed up nor advocated with warmth and perseverance; and after having recorded it in a note, it was not again spoken of, every one being aware that under all the existing circumstances it was almost impossible to get it accepted by the Emperor of Russia. No one either hoped or pretended to do this, so it was only to the second alternative of a definitive partition, that they sought unavoidably to return. . . . Unable to conquer the persistent attachment of Alexander to his own scheme, the courts of Vienna and of England and of France ended by concluding during the congress a secret treaty of alliance against the ambitious projects which they imputed to the Emperor Alexander. The French and English representatives, persuaded of the impossibility of an independent Poland, reverted again and again to a definitive partition, and it was only towards the close of the congress that they began to perceive that, though there were no means for making Poland independent, yet, for the sake of peace and justice and of Europe, it were best to let the name of the country at least remain, but that it should have a liberal form



of government, and that Polish nationality should be guaranteed under the several powers to which it was of necessity abandoned. The ministers, especially the English ambassador, while they consented to this middle course, committed the mistake of doing the work negligently, without attaching sufficient importance to a clause which had the greatest significance, and without augmenting the guarantees for those benefits which they were supposed to bestow on Poland. It would have been necessary in this treaty to defend her against the ill-will of the Russian ministers, who in this matter thwarted the intentions of the Emperor Alexander as far as lay in their power. The result was that in the treaty were clauses that might be read in two ways. Only Alexander was persistent. It was his *whim of the moment*; he was besides so well intentioned, that in spite of all that has been said, I fully believe him to have been sincere at that moment in his desire to give such measure of justice as he could to Poland, and that to do this he resisted all his ministers and those of all Europe.

The congress once over, the Western courts thought no further of what had been done for Poland at Vienna. . . . One of the chief causes of our misfortunes and of the present disturbance in Europe (misfortunes and troubles which are still far from having reached their term) lay in this indifference, in this forgetfulness on the part of the Western powers, in their ignorance about Poland—ignorance and indifference which were to last till 1830, and replaced then by marks of sympathy destined to remain sterile up to this day. Yet we do not wish to lose their interest, and we hope that some day or other we may have recourse to it. I repeat it, *the whole truth* about the Congress of Vienna ought not to be published, still I think that from it we may draw useful considerations, counsels, and opinions. . . . The copy of a memorandum by M. Pozzo di Borgo, which I have found, proved that the emperor acted with knowledge of the facts, his eyes open to all that was to be said for or against the question. M. Pozzo di Borgo and M. de Stein, the two men gifted with the most superior talents among all on this stage of Vienna, were most bitterly opposed to Poland, under whatever form it was intended to favor her.

When this letter was penned in Paris, the writer had long been an exile. He did not become one till after bitter trials and a twofold struggle. First with Emperor Alexander, who granted a constitution to the Poles, permitted them in their Diets to use their native language, vote their own taxes, and even re-established a national Polish army. But here, as in other departments, reactionary men urged reactionary measures, and the tyranny exercised under Alexander's name proved to Adam Czartoryski that the romantic

dreams of a young grand duke are one thing, the selfish and imperious necessities of kingcraft another. He remonstrated. In August, 1821, he writes: "Rarely now do I importune you with my letters"—to this low ebb had their friendship reached. It lasted till October, 1823, and then, in nine curt lines, Prince Adam sent in his resignation as curator of the University of Wilna, an office which he had retained up to that time. Alexander died in 1825, and the Polish policy of Nicholas was epitomized in his celebrated message to the Poles: "No dreams, gentlemen; no dreams." On the terrible sufferings of the Polish nation during his reign this is not the place to enter. Seen from his own point of view, the policy of Nicholas was, however, as successful as it was cruel. He again epitomized the situation when he said that "this was a family quarrel, with which outsiders had nothing to do." He did contrive so to isolate the Polish from European questions, that outsiders, in 1830, did not interfere in the ten months' civil war, which is one of the most sanguinary on record. In it Prince Adam Czartoryski played a part, and he was head of the provisional government at Warsaw, having for his military supporters Chlopicki, Skrzynecki, and Dembinski. The result as regarded Prince Adam was exile.

He was married to Princess Anna Sapieha-Kodenska, and her estates, like those of the Korzec branch of his own house, lay in Galicia, beyond the theatre of what Nicholas termed "the family quarrel." But here, too, an event occurred in 1846 which affected Prince Adam profoundly. To Cracow in 1815 neutrality and independence had been secured, and this independence, ratified under the great seal of England, was clothed with the reciprocal ratification of all the powers. Metternich never, however, regarded this with a favorable eye, and he declared that Cracow was a *foyer* of revolt, a source from which, thanks to the Polish immigrants and emigrants, poison was disseminated in all the adjoining countries. This verdict he repeated over and over again, and when the troubles of 1845-46 broke out, the blame was not only laid on the great Polish families in emigration, but proclamations bearing the names of Prince Adam Czartoryski, and of his nephew, Ladislas Zamoyski, were forged in the official newspapers.\* On account of a

\* We may refer our readers to the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxxv. (1847), for an account of the incorporation of the free city and territory of Cracow with

proclamation which he never wrote, and which no one even went through the comedy of attempting to bring home to him, the estates of his wife in Galicia were sequestered. Adam Czartoryski was a patriot; as such he would never have been privy to the Galician Jacquerie of February, 1846; and as he was a patriot, he again deplored the appearance, by 1861, in the ranks of the Polish patriots, of the desperadoes and socialists of Paris.

He lived on in the Hôtel Lambert, convinced that if history has already often recorded the justice of God, she may do so again, and that it is only by the principles of justice and good faith that the peace of the world can be maintained. His house, with its vast courtyard, looked like a little oasis of dignity and silence in the world of busy Paris; it was a centre of kindness and charity to Poles in a foreign land, and, thanks to its influence, the bread of exile was found less salt by many a solitary emigrant.

From Chambers' Journal.  
RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"  
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A REPETITION.

ONE Sunday when Richard Cable was at home, after he and his children and mother had dined, he said: "Now, my dears, we will all go out and walk together, and see the place where my new house shall stand with seven red windows."

Then the little maids had their straw hats, trimmed with blue ribbons, put on, and their pinafores taken off, and they marched forth with their father on the road towards Rosscarrock. It was winter, but mild and warm, and the sun shone; red beech and oak leaves lay thick in the furrows and sides of the road, and under the ash-trees the way was strewn as with scraps of black string. The leaves had rotted, leaving the midribs bare. The starlings were about in droves, holding parliament, or church, or gossiping parties. The holly, grown to trees in the hedges and woods, was covered in the hedges with scarlet berries, but bare of

fruit in the wood, where the shadow of the oaks and beech had interfered with the setting of the flower.

When Cable came to the coveted spot, whom should he see but Farmer Tregurtha? In fact, from his house, Tregurtha had heard the chattering of the little voices in the clear air, just like the chattering of the starlings, and some one had said to him, "Uncle Dick be coming along wi' all his maidens." Then Tregurtha had walked across the fields to meet him.

Among the Cornish, any old man, or man past the middle age, is entitled uncle. Now, Richard had not attained the middle point of life; but the St. Kerian folk did not know his age, and thought him older than he really was, partly because he had so large a family, but chiefly because his trouble and his gloomy temper had given a look of age beyond his years.

Things had not gone well with Tregurtha. He had been engaged in a long lawsuit with Farmer Hamlyn about a right of way, and had lost, it was whispered, several hundreds of pounds, because he was so obstinate that he carried his case by appeal from court to court. Cable knew this very well, and would not have been the Cable he had become if unready to profit by it.

"Hulloh, uncle!" called Tregurtha. "Glad to see you home again, and in the midst of your stars, as the sun among the seven planets. Ah! folks always say that children bring luck, and a seventh maid is born with hands that scatter gold. Luck has hopped off my shoulders and lighted on yours. Have you still a fancy for Summerleaze?"

"Where law is handled, luck leaks out," answered Richard Cable. "Come into the road, and we'll have a word together." Then he bade the seven little girls hold hands and walk on beyond earshot.

They were some time together; but before they parted, Cable had agreed to purchase Summerleaze and to give for it a hundred and fifty pounds. Tregurtha was glad to get that price for it. Thus it was that the land became Cable's, and the first step was taken towards the fulfilment of his dream and the realization of his ambitious scheme. But he was not yet prepared to build; for that he needed more money.

Once again he was at Bewdley, and he went there with the determination of seeing Josephine, without allowing her to see him; but when he was there, some indistinct feeling held him back, and he went

the Austrian Empire, an article which was written by the desire, and with the assistance and approval, of the late prince consort.

away without having caught sight of her; but he had made inquiries concerning her of his landlady, Mrs. Stokes, without appearing to interest himself especially about her. No sooner was he away, with his face turned homewards, than he regretted his lack of courage, and made a fresh resolve to see her.

And now that he was possessed of land, he became more eager after money and more adventurous in his speculations. He was never at rest. He denied himself the supreme pleasure life had for him—the pleasure of being at home with his children. He travelled over the north of Cornwall, from Bodmin and Camelford to Stratton, and through the poor land from the Tamar to Holsworthy and Hatherleigh, buying stock and sending it off. He purchased all the calves he could in the dairy country and sold them to the stock-rearing farmers, and the money was never idle in his pocket; he turned it and turned it, and it multiplied in his hands.

Then Cable went to Mr. Spry, the mason, and ordered him to build the house. "I will have it a long house," he said. "The ground rises so sharp behind, that it cannot be more than one room deep, and so I will have seven red windows upstairs—three on one side and three on the other, and two below to right and two to left and two shams, and over the door in the middle a window. That will make seven windows in the front up-stairs and four below; and on one side of the door shall be the dwelling part for me and my children; and on the other side of the door shall be the kitchen and back kitchen; and there shall be a great sort of lobby and hall in the middle, where the children can romp of a rainy day; and because the land falls away so rapidly in front, there must be a flight of stone steps up to the main entrance."

When this was settled, away went Richard Cable again, and now he went to Bewdley, and as he travelled he thought: "I should like *her* to see my land and my house that I am building, and how I am going to make myself a gentleman and all my maidens to be ladies, with no help from her, all out of my own work with my head and hands."

In this frame of mind he arrived at Bewdley, but without having come to a decision whether he would see her or not. Perhaps, some day, when Red Windows was finished, he would have a large photograph taken of it, with the colors put in, green for the trees, and red for the windows, and send it to her by post. When

she saw the picture and read under it, "Red Windows, the property of Mr. Richard Cable," then she would learn how great and rich a man he had become, and how he thrived when separated from her.

He was at the Bewdley tavern again, and he looked at Mary Stokes, and told her mother that the girl was growing into a fine little woman. "Down in the west where I am," said he, "there are no girls, only maidens. If you speak of a girl, they either don't know what you mean, or think you mean something insulting. I suppose, now, in a little while you'll be thinking of getting Mary a situation in the great house? What will she take to?—housemaid's work or the kitchen? The nursery is out of the question, where a baby's voice has not been heard for over half a century."

Mrs. Stokes shook her head. "No, Mr. Cable, my little girl don't go there."

"But why not? You're a tenant under the lady."

"I shouldn't wish it," said Mrs. Stokes mysteriously. "I don't mind saying as much to you, as you're a stranger, and can't or wouldn't hurt me with Mr. Vickary or the old lady—but I can't afford to send my Mary there."

"Can't afford! Is it like an appointment in the army, more cost than gain?"

Mrs. Stokes again shook her head. "You see, Mr. Cable, things in that house ain't as they ought to be; and I wouldn't have my child there for a score of pounds. The old lady, she's good and innocent, and thinks she'll make all the world about her into Christians; but, Mr. Cable, that house is not a Christian household outside of her sitting-room."

"What do you mean?" asked Richard, uneasily working on his chair.

"I don't mind saying it before you, because you're a stranger, and wouldn't hurt a fly, let alone me; but Mr. Vickary is a bad lot, and he leads the old madam by the nose. Bless you! if it was only picking and stealing, I'd shut my mouth and say nothing, for what is riches given to some for, but that those who haven't may help themselves out of their abundance? But"—she began to scrub the table—"there be things go on there, or is said to go on, that would make decent mothers shy of sending their servants into that house."

Richard's face became red as blood, and his hair bristled on his head. If Mrs. Stokes had looked at him instead of looking at the table she was scouring, she would have been startled by his face.

"Why, Mr. Cable, when you come to think of it, it is wonderful what a lot of evil is done in the world by them as intend to do good—I do in truth believe, more than by the out-and-out wicked ones. And I take it the reason is, your well-intending people begin their bettering of others by taking leave of common sense themselves. There comes Mr. Polkinghorn; don't say nothing of all this to him."

"How do you do, Mr. Cable? How are we, Mrs. Stokes?" asked the pleasant footman entering, rubbing his hands. "A little frosty to-night. I shall be glad of brandy-and-water hot, please, and sugar. How go the calves in the van, sir, and the kids at home?"

"And how is my namesake, Mr. Polkinghorn?"

"Oh, the lovely Cable!" He shrugged his shoulders. "I don't think she'll be much longer with us."

"What—dying?" The color deserted Richard's brow.

"Oh dear, no! Very far from that—a little too much alive, that is all."

"I do not take your meaning, Mr. Polkinghorn."

"I have a tendency to cloudiness," answered the flunky. "I have generally been thought a wag. Thank you, Mrs. Stokes. This is real cognac, I hope, and the water boiling?" Having been satisfied on this score, Mr. Polkinghorn poured himself out a stiff glass. "The cold settles in the stomach, Mr. Cable," he explained.

"What about my namesake?" again asked Richard, whose face was serious, and who sat with his hand to his head, looking across the table at the footman.

"Oh, as to Miss C. — we'll use initials, and that obviates the chance of giving offence — she's a high-flyer."

"She is proud and disdainful, you mean?"

"That she is. But that is not what I allude to." He took a pipe and filled it with tobacco. "You see, my dear sir, we've had our captain staying with us."

"Who is your captain?"

"The old woman's nephew, Captain Sellwood."

Cable's fingers twitched; the nails went into his brow.

"I don't myself give credence to all I hear; but there's a talk that the lovely C. is setting her cap at the captain. That's a pun, you will understand."

Cable did not laugh.

The flunky explained: "I'm a joker.

I don't pretend to say where fact ends and fiction begins," Mr. Polkinghorn went on to say, "because what I have heard has come from the lips of old V., and old Mr. V. can color matters to suit himself, just as a blancmange can be made pink with a drop of cochineal; or, if you prefer another similitude, he can flavor his facts to his taste, as you can any pudding with ratafia or vanilla. There must be something to go upon, or you can't color or flavor at all. That stands to reason. Are you particularly interested in Miss Cable?"

"She bears my name," said Richard sternly.

"Ah, quite so! I understand the feeling. I myself could not endure the thought of a Polkinghorn doing a dirty act; but — I don't believe a Polkinghorn could so demean himself — the name would hold him up."

"What is the fact, colored or clear?"

"Oh, I can't say. V. will have it that Miss C. has been carrying it on with the captain, and there has been a rumpus accordingly; and the old woman has had to interfere, and — I do not believe that she will let the beautiful and fascinating C. remain much longer with us — that is what V. says; but V. has never taken warmly to the C.; she has been short with him."

Then Cable stood up, and without another word, went out of the inn — he went out, forgetful that he had not his hat upon his head, and he walked hastily in the direction of Bewdley Manor.

How wonderful is man's life! It turns about like a wheel, and he does those things to-day which he did some time ago. But no — not those things exactly. They differ in particulars, but in direction they are the same. His life moves in spirals, ever reverting to where it ran before, but never quite going over the same ground. On one memorable evening Josephine had been in Brentwood Hall, and Richard had run to bring her thence, hatless, coatless, breathless. Now he went by night, to another great house, also through a park, hatless, breathless, but not on this occasion coatless — there was the difference. On that former occasion, Josephine was the most honored guest in the great house; now she was the least esteemed servant in this great house.

For many thousands of years men believed that storms blew over their heads, tearing up trees, unroofing houses, flashing with electric bolts, pursuing a direct

course. They held that storms never swerved to one side or the other till they had expended their violence. Now we are told that no storm travels thus—they all move in a rotary course; they whirl across the earth and sea like aerial spinning-tops. We have supposed, and we still suppose, that men go straight courses from birth to death; but is it so? Is not the spirit of man a blast of the great spirit that sweeps along through life in a succession of revolutions? Do we not find, when we look back at our own past history, that we do again and yet again the same things—that again and yet again we drive in the same direction one day, and in the opposite on the morrow. I myself, when I shut my eyes and hold my face in my hands, can hear the spirit within me whirling and humming, and eager to sweep me away into some folly that I committed a few months ago, and vowed then I would never commit again.

We think the same thoughts, as we speak the same words, and, alas, tell the same old stories, and crack the same old jokes, day after day, in our little teetotum spin. What an amount of impetus there is in our movement; what a whirl, what a hum we make!—but what a little movement forward in the straight line there is for the vast amount of rotary hurry and noise! On this evening, Richard Cable was doing very much the same thing he had done on another evening, the memory of which still scorched his brain; and he was doing that which he had resolved never to do again. He did it with a difference. We all do our little rounds with a difference. He went this time with his coat on his back; but he was as hot, and as agitated, and as breathless as before.

See what an advance the man had made! He went in his coat; though, I grant, he went this time in his coat chiefly because he had his coat on his back when the impulse started him to go. Still this was an advance, a distinct advance.

Richard Cable stood still when he came to the house. He tried to collect his thoughts and resolve what to do. But the dog in the back yard began to bark furiously, and its bark distracted him; he could not gather his ideas. He knew that Josephine was in a place which she could not remain in without some taint adhering to her. She was under the same roof with the man who had loved her and had proposed to her; a man of her own class, a man whom she had known for long. Richard put from him at once the thought that she was, what the footman said, con-

sciously "making up to" the captain; but he was by no means sure that unconsciously she might not be drawn towards him.

On that other evening when he had run to Brentwood, he had been unable to gather his thoughts; but he had seen clearly one thing—that his wife ought to be with him in his great trouble; so now, his mind was confused, yet one idea shone out clear through the fog of thoughts—that his wife must not be allowed to remain another night in Bewdley Manor. On that other evening, he thought of himself; on this, he thought of her. Then, he it was who needed a stay; now, it was not he, but she. So, with this one idea fixed in his mind, with his ears full of the noise of the dog barking, and with the throb of the blood in the pulses in his ears, he went into the house. But how he encountered the butler, and where and how he made known what he needed, and how he was brought up-stairs and confronted with Josephine and Miss Otterbourne in the great state drawing-room, that he never was able to remember distinctly. He saw everything about him through a haze, as though smoke were rising, or the carpet steamed like a ploughed field in the morning sun. He saw his wife, but she seemed to him as afar off—as if he saw her through a glass. He made no effort to collect his thoughts; he formed no resolution as to the course he would pursue, but he said: "I have come for my wife. Give her up to me. This is no place for her. I insist on her coming with me—at once—wherever I choose to take her."

Then Josephine said: "Richard—I will follow you wherever you go."

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

#### A DROPPED "S."

RICHARD CABLE wheeled a barrow that he had borrowed from the stables, laden with Josephine's box, went out of the grounds of Bewdley Manor, and Josephine walked at his side.

"Richard," she said, "how comes it that you are lame?"

"You have lamed me."

"Richard," she said, "how oldened you are!"

"You have oldened me."

"And bent."

"You have bowed my back."

"Do not speak unkindly to me," she pleaded. "I know I have done wrong, and am sorry for it."



"When you break china, can you mend it that the cracks do not show and that it will hold as before?"

She did not answer this question.

"And man's heart, when it is broken, can it be patched up? If you pour love into it again, does not the love run out at all sides and leave the vessel dry?"

"You do not forgive me, Richard?"

"I do not — I cannot."

"Then why have you come for me now?"

"Because you bear my name, and, to my woe, are my wife, and — I would not have you there, where a stain may come on the name, and where my wife may be — nay, is, lightly spoken of. Mind you," continued Cable, bending between the handles of the barrow, "I do not mistrust your conduct. Though he is there under the same roof with you who loved you, and perhaps loves you still, I have no doubt about your conduct. God spare me that! I know you to be proud and cruel, but I know also that you are not light. You have brought me down, but not to such baseness as to think that."

"I thank you for that, Richard, at all events for that. Where am I going now? What will you do with me?"

"You are going now to the inn, to Mrs. Stokes. Where you go next, what I do with you after this night, I cannot tell; you shall know to-morrow. My head is like the old lightship in a chopping sea."

As soon as they reached the tavern, Richard brought Josephine in, and said to the landlady: "This is my wife; take her in for the night; give her my room. I am going out, and shall not be back before morning. If she needs anything, let her have it, and stint her not." He said no farewell to Josephine, but went out at the door, wiping his brow on his sleeve.

He walked by the river. He had not got his stick, and he cut himself one from the hedge; and as the night was dark and he had to grope among them for a suitable stick, he tore his hands, and they were covered with blood, and when he wiped his brow the smears came on his face. He obtained a good stout stick at last on which he could lean, and he stood resting on it by the river, looking over the slowly flowing water to the dark horizon, and the red glare in the sky beyond over Bath.

The season was autumn, the time when, at the rising of the sun, the whole face of a field and every hedge are seen to be covered with cobwebs strung with dew. And now, in the night, the air was full of these cobwebs; one might have thought

they were spun in heaven, and came down charged with water. They drifted in the light air, and the dew that rose settled on the minute fibres and weighed them down, that they came leisurely down — down through the raw night air. They settled over Richard's head — they fell on his face — they came on his hands, and he was forced to brush them away, because they teased him. There were other cobwebs, in his brain, confusing, teasing that, charged also with drops, bitter and salt; but these he could not sweep away — he thrust them aside, and they spread again; he squeezed them together and wrung out the brine and gall, and they unfurled and fell again over his brain. They obscured his sight of the future; they troubled his thought of the present; and they all rose, thick, teasing, even torturing, out of the past; and all the myriad threads went back to one root — Josephine. But as in a web there are fibres and cross fibres, so was it with this inner cobweb — there were some revengeful and others pitiful; some hard and others soft; some of hate and some of love; yet by night, as he stood by the water, striking now with his hand, then with his stick, at the falling cobwebs, he could not distinguish one thread from another; one feeling was so interlaced and intertangled with another, that they were not to be unravelled.

There still lurked in his mind that fear of Josephine which he had first entertained when he saw her on the stranded lightship and heard her sing the mermaid's song; that fear which his mother had detected in him when he lay crippled at the Magpie, and which she at once brought back to its true source — love. Richard Cable did not know that there remained any trace of his old love there; he thought that all his feeling for Josephine was anger and resentment; but he was not a man given to self-analysis. He was aware of the ever-presence of pain in his soul, and he knew who had hurt him, but hardly the nature of that pain. We carry about with us for many years, may be, a something in us that never allows us to forget that all is not well — a spasm of the heart, a gnawing pain in the chest, a shooting needle in the brain, a racking cough, and we do not consult a physician; we may soon outgrow it; it came on after an overstrain, a chill, and a long rest will recover us of it. What it is, we do not know; we generally attribute it to a wrong cause, and regard it as that which it is not. It is so also with our mental aches — we have them; we go on enduring them, and

often wholly misinterpret them. Richard supposed that he had acted out of regard for his own name, that the fever and alarm he had felt were occasioned by no other dread; but when he sprung up from Mrs. Stokes's table and hurried to the manor-house to fetch away Josephine, he had not thought about the preservation of the name of Cable from a slur, only of her — of her in bad moral surroundings; of her exposed to slights, and perhaps temptations. On this night, the sight of her in her quiet servant's dress, with her face pale, the eyes deep, the lines of her countenance sharp-drawn, had strangely affected him. He thought that it had roused in him his full fierceness of resentment for wrong done; but he was mistaken — the deepest bell in the rugged belfry of his heart had never ceased thrilling from the first stroke dealt it; and now it was touched again by the sight of her face and the sound of her voice, and the whole mass quivered with its renewed vibrations. Though the dew fell heavily, Richard Cable did not feel the moisture; and though there was frost, he was not cold. The night was long, but he was unaware of its length.

He did not return to the inn till morning, and then he had formed a plan, and he had gained the mastery over himself. Early though the hour was when he arrived, he found Josephine already down. Contrary to his former frank ways, he did not look her full in the face; he felt his weakness, and would not venture to do so. He spoke to her only when necessary, and with restraint in his tone. The voice was hard and his face drawn and cold.

"I truck my young calves to Exeter," he said. "We will go thither by train. After that, you will have to come the rest of the way in my conveyance, unless you prefer the coach."

"No," answered Josephine; "I will go with you."

He drew a weary breath; he would have preferred to send her by the coach. The oppressiveness of a journey with her was not to be contemplated with composure.

"Then," said he, "we will start at once; that is, when I have got my calves in truck. The train is at ten-fifteen. You will be at the station. I will speak to a man to fetch your box, and I will pay him. Have it ready labelled for the Clarendon Hotel at Exeter."

"The Clarendon! Is that where you stay when there?"

"The Clarendon is where you shall be. You will be well cared for there; it is a

good hotel, the best in Exeter; it looks out on the close, and is very respectable."

"Shall you be there, Richard?"

"No; I go elsewhere. Calves are not taken in at first-class hotels."

"But I had rather, a thousand times rather, be with you."

"I have my calves to suckle. I must go where I am accustomed to go, and where I can get milk for them."

"But why should I not go there too? I will help you with your calves."

He laughed harshly. "You are a lady."

"I am a servant girl out of place," she said with a faint smile.

"They drink and swear and fight where I go," he growled.

"No, Richard — you go to no place that is bad. Where you go, I will go also."

He did not look in her face; he could hardly have resisted the appeal, had he done so, her face was so full of earnestness, so pale and anxious, so humble, and the eyes so full of tears. Perhaps he knew that he could not resist, were he to meet her eyes, so he kept his own averted. But the tones of her voice thrilled him, and made his head spin. He bit the end of his whip, with his brows knitted. He knew her great eyes, those lovely eyes that went through him when he met them, were fixed on him; but he would not turn towards them; his face became more frozen and drawn.

"You," he said — by her Christian name he would not call her — "you — understand me. I am not Richard to you. You must speak of me and address me as Mr. Cable."

"But — I am your wife."

"No," he said; "that is all past and forever done with. For a little while, and then the tie was torn away by yourself. You are coming with me into Cornwall, to St. Kerian. There you will live as you like. If you want money, you shall have it; but you shall not live there as my wife, but as Miss Cornellis, or by any other name you like to assume. My mother will see you want nothing; you shall not live in my house; you will be a stranger there; but my mother — and I, yes, and I, will know how you are, what you do, and that you do not again fall into evil company, and run the risk of —"

"Of what? I ran no risk."

"No," he said; "you ran no risk. No. You are proud, proud as Satan; and yet Satan, for all his pride, fell."

The tears which had formed in her eyes rolled over her cheeks. The disappointment was very great. She had hoped that

he was going to take her back to himself. "You need have no fear for me," she said in a voice half choked with her tears; "I have that in me which will always hold me true and upright. Not pride; O no, not pride—that is broken long ago, ever since I found I had driven you away."

"What is it?" Still he did not look at her, but he turned his ear attentively towards her. She might have seen, had not her eyes been so dim with salt, that a nerve down the side of his face from the temple was twitching.

"It is, that I love you," she answered in a low, faint voice, but little above a whisper.

Then he stamped on the sanded floor of the village inn parlor and clenched his hands, and stood up and shook himself, like a great hairy dog when it leaves the water. "Ha, ha!" he laughed; "as of old, to patronize and play with, and then break to pieces, as a child loves its doll. I will have none of your love. I have tasted it, and it is sour."

"Richard!"

He struck the table. "I am not Richard—to you. That is part of your grand condescending ways. You shall call me Mr. Cable. Who knows!—in time you may come to look up to me, when I am rich and esteemed. Mr. Cable of Red Windows, Esquire." Then he went forth tossing his shoulders, and he put on his hat in a hot and impatient way.

A struggle ensued in Josephine's bosom. It was hard for her to go down into a strange country and there live, in the same village with her husband, without being acknowledged by him, divided by all England from her own friends. He was asking too much of her, putting her through too sharp an ordeal; and yet, after a little boil up of her old pride and wilfulness, she bent to his decision. It was not for her to rebel. She had wrought the disunion that subsisted between them; she had made the great change in him; and she must submit, and suffer and wait, till he took her back. She must accept his terms, not impose terms of her own.

She was at the station at the time appointed, and Richard handed her a second-class ticket to Exeter. He travelled in the van with his calves, and she saw nothing of him till their arrival. Then he came to the carriage door, called a cab, shouldered her box himself, and limped with it to the carriage. "To the Clarendon," he said, shut the door, and climbed on the box.

On reaching the inn, an old-fashioned

hotel, looking out on the close with its great trees and gray cathedral, he descended, let her out of the cab, and preceded her, ordering the waiter to let her have a room. "The lady—she is, mind you, a real lady—she must have a good room, and a capital supper, and a fire, and be made comfortable. Don't you stare at me as if I had aught of concern with her. I'm a common man, a cattle-jobber; but I'm charged to see after her, and that she be well attended to, as a real well-born lady full of education and high-class manners. As for me, I put up elsewhere—at the Goat and Compasses, down by the iron bridge. I'll come in the morning and fetch her away. It is my duty, set me by them as are responsible for her, to see that she be cared for and made comfortable." Then he went away.

Josephine was given a well-furnished bedroom, with a large window, looking out on the elms and grass and old towers. Her box was in the room; and she opened it, and drew from it some little things she needed. Then she bathed her face, and seated herself by the window, looking out into the quiet close. The bells of the cathedral were ringing for afternoon service, deep-toned musical bells. The autumn had touched the leaves and turned them. The swallows were clustering on the gray lead roof of the minster, arranging for migration. There was coolness in the air; but it was not too chilly for Josephine to sit at the open window, looking at the trees and listening to the bells. She felt very lonely, more lonely than at Bewdley. There she had the association with old Miss Otterbourne to take off the edge of her sense of solitude; but now she had no one. She was with her husband, yet far removed from him. She was associated with him without association. It was better to be separated altogether, than to be in his presence daily without reciprocation. She drew her wedding ring from her bosom and looked at it. The night before, she had put it on, and had hesitated whether to wear it again; but had rehung it round her neck, determined to wait another day and see what her husband's wishes and intentions and behavior to her were, before she did so. And now, as she looked sorrowfully at the golden hoop, she knew that it must continue to hang as before; he had forbidden her to acknowledge her tie to him and to wear his name.

How strange is the perversity of the human heart! She had married Richard without loving him; and now that she had

lost him, she loved him. Her love had started up out of her anguish over her wrong done him. He had loved her when she had only highly esteemed him; and now she loved him when he despised her.

She knelt by her box and looked over her little treasures. They were few. Her bullfinch she had not brought away; she had given it to the housemaid who had cleaned her room. She turned over her few clothes in the box and unfolded Richard's blue handkerchief. In a cardboard box was the bunch of everlastings. They were now very dry, but they retained their shape and color. "Everlastings!" she said, and recalled the night in the deserted cottage when she asked the rector whether he was looking up at the everlastings. "To the Everlasting," he had answered, and she had not understood him; but she remembered the scene and the words he had used.

The cathedral bells had ceased, and across the close came the sounds of music—the roll of the organ and the voices of the choir. Josephine closed her box and locked it, and went back to the window and listened to the soothing strains. Then, drawn as by an irresistible attraction, she went down-stairs and crossed the close and entered the side door of the cathedral. She did not go far; she made no attempt to enter the choir, but seated herself in the aisle on the stone seat that ran along the wall. The evening light shone through the great west window, and filled the upper portion of the nave with a soft yellow glow. Below were the gray pillars and cool gray shadow. There were few loungers in the nave, and she was quite unnoticed. Her love of music made her always susceptible to its influence. The effect of the sacred music in the great Gothic minster on Josephine, in her then state of depression, was great; it soothed her mind; it was like breath on a wound, lulling the pain and cooling the fever.

For long there had been in Josephine a craving for help, for something, or rather some one whom she could lay hold of and lean on. It was this want in her which had driven her to take Richard Cable, in defiance of her father's wishes and of the opinion of the world. Richard had failed her; and she had cast herself into a sphere in which she was as solitary and lacking assistance as much as in that she had occupied before. And now, once again, she was torn out of that sphere, and was about to be cast she knew not where,

among she knew not what companions, and again she was without support.

She sat with her head bowed and her hands clasping her bosom, listening to the music. Her soul was bruised and aching, like the body that has been jolted and beaten. But the hurt body is cast on a bed and sleeps away its pains. Where is the bed of repose on which the weary, suffering spirit can stretch itself and be recruited? Josephine was not thinking at all; she was feeling—conscious of want and weariness, of a void and pain. The aisle in which she was, was on the north side of the church; and quite in shadow, only in the beautiful vault of the nave, with its reed-like, spreading ribs, hung a halo of golden haze; and in that golden haze the sweet music seemed to thrill and throb.

The pain in Josephine's heart became more acute, and she bent on one side and rested her elbow on the stone seat and put her hand to her heart, and breathed laboriously. The attitude gave her some ease; and as she half reclined thus, the waves of golden light and angelic music swept over her, softly, gently, as the warm sea waves used to glide in over the low Essex coast. Presently, Josephine slid down on her knees and laid her head on the cold stone seat. Then only did the meaning of the rector come clear to her, when he dropped an *s* as she spoke of the everlastings, and answered her that he looked to the Everlasting.

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From The Nineteenth Century.

#### THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN IN NORTH AMERICA.

OVER a considerable portion of the northern hemisphere the remains of man, or his works, have been found in association with bones of the extinct mammalia which characterized the glacial epoch, and no evidence has been obtained that man at that time differed more from modern savages than they do among themselves. The facts which prove this antiquity were, when first put forth, doubted, neglected, or violently opposed, and it is now admitted that such opposition was due to prejudice alone, and in every case led to the rejection of important scientific truths. Yet after nearly thirty years' experience we find that an exactly similar prejudice prevails, even among geologists, against all evidence which carries man one little step further back into pre-glacial or plio-

cent times, although if there is any truth whatever in the doctrine of evolution as applied to man, and if we are not to adopt the exploded idea that the palæolithic men were specially created just when the flood of ice was passing away, they *must* have had ancestors who *must* have existed in the pliocene period, if not earlier. Is it then so improbable that some trace of man should be discovered at this period that each particle of evidence as it arises must be attacked with all the weapons of doubt, accusation, and ridicule, which for so many years crushed down the truth with regard to palæolithic man? One would think, as Jeremy Bentham said of another matter, that it was "wicked or else unwise" to accept any evidence for facts which are yet so inherently probable that the entire absence of evidence for their existence ought to be felt to be the greatest stumbling-block.

No better illustration of this curious prejudice can be given than the way in which some recent discoveries of stone implements in deposits of considerable antiquity in India are dealt with. These implements are of quartzite, and are of undoubtedly human workmanship. They were found in the lower laterite formation, which is said to have undergone great denudation and to be undoubtedly very ancient. Old stone circles of a great but unknown antiquity are formed of it. It is also stated that the distinction between the tertiary and post-tertiary is very difficult in India, and the age of these laterite beds cannot be determined either by fossils, which are absent, or by superposition. Yet we are informed, "The presence of palæolithic implements *proves* that the rock is of post-tertiary origin."\* Here we have the origin of man taken as fixed and certain, so certain that his remains may be used to *prove* the age of a doubtful deposit! Nor do these indications of great antiquity stand alone, for in the Nerbudda fluvialite deposits Mr. Hackel has found stone weapons *in situ* along with eleven species of *extinct* fossil mammalia.

Believing myself that the existence of man in the tertiary epoch is a *certainty*, and the discovery of his remains or works in deposits of that age to be decidedly *probable*, I hold it to be both wise and scientific to accept all evidence of his existence before the glacial epoch which would be held satisfactory for a later period, and when there is any little doubt, to

give the benefit of the doubt in favor of the *find* rather than against it. I hold further that it is equally sound doctrine to give some weight to cumulative evidence; since, when a thing is not improbable in itself, it surely adds much to the argument in its favor that facts which tend to prove it come from many different and independent sources, from those who are quite ignorant of the interest that attaches to their discovery, as well as from trained observers who are fully aware of the importance of every additional fact and the weight of each fresh scrap of evidence. Having by the kindness of Major Powell, the able director of the United States Geological Survey, been able to look into the evidence recently obtained bearing on this question in the North American continent, I believe that a condensed account of it will certainly prove of interest to English readers.

The most certain tests of great antiquity, even though they afford us no accurate scale of measurement, are furnished by such natural changes as we know occur very slowly. Changes in the distribution of animals or plants, modifications of the earth's surface, the extinction of some species and the introduction of others, are of this nature, and they are the more valuable because during the entire historical period changes of this character are either totally unknown or of very small amount. Let us then see what changes of this kind have occurred since man inhabited the North American continent.

The shell-heaps of the Damariscotta River, in Maine, are remarkable for their number and extent. The largest of these stretches for about half a mile along the shore, and is often six or seven feet, and in one place twenty-five feet, in thickness. They consist almost exclusively of oyster shells of remarkable size, frequently having a length of eight or ten inches, and sometimes reaching twelve or fourteen inches. They contain fragments of bones of edible animals, charcoal, bone implements, and some fragments of pottery. The surface is covered to a depth of several inches with vegetable mould, and large trees grow on them, some more than a century old. The special feature to which we now call attention is "that at the present time oysters are only found in very small numbers, too small to make it an object to gather them; and we were credibly informed that they have not been found in larger quantities since the settlement in the neighborhood. It cannot be supposed that the immense accumulations

\* Manual of the Geology of India, p. 370.



now seen on the shores of Salt Bay could have been made unless oysters had existed in very large numbers in the adjoining waters."\* Here we have evidence of an important change in the distribution of a species of mollusc since the banks were formed.

On the St. John's River, Florida, are enormous heaps largely composed of two fresh-water shells, *Ampullaria depressa* and *Paludina multilineata*, which cover acres of ground and are often six or eight feet thick. Professor Wyman, who explored these heaps, remarks: "It seems incredible to one who searches the waters of the St. John's and its lakes at the present time, that the two small species of shells above mentioned could have been obtained in such vast quantities as are seen brought together in these mounds, unless at the times of their formation the shells existed more abundantly than now, or the collection of them extended through very long periods of time. When it is borne in mind that the shell-heaps afford the only suitable surface for dwellings, being most commonly built in swamps, or on lands liable to be annually overflowed by the rise of the river, they appear to be necessarily the result of the labors of a few living on a limited area at one time. At present it would be a very difficult matter to bring together in a single day enough of these shells for the daily meals of an ordinary family."†

On the lower Mississippi, at Grand Lake, are shell banks of great extent which are now fifteen miles inland; while Nott and Gliddon describe similar banks on the Alabama River fifty miles inland, and they believe that Mobile Bay must have extended so far at the time the shells were collected. These beds are often covered with vegetable mould from one to two feet thick, and on this grow large forest trees. Equally indicative of long occupation and great antiquity is the enormous shell mound at San Pablo, on the Bay of San Francisco, which is nearly a mile long and half a mile wide, and more than twenty feet thick. Numerous Indian skeletons and mummies have been found in it, showing that it had been subsequently used as a place of burial. Some mounds in Florida have growing on them enormous live oaks from thirteen to twenty-six feet in circumference at five feet from the ground, some of which are estimated to be about six hundred years old,

indicating the minimum age possible for the heaps, but not necessarily approaching to their real age.

The extensive shell-heaps of the Aleutian Islands have been carefully examined and reported on by Mr. Dall, and are found to exhibit some remarkable and probably unique peculiarities. Complete sections were made across several of these, and they were found to consist of a series of distinct layers, each marked by some well-defined characteristics. In the upper layers only are there any mammalian remains, and these may be divided into three subdivisions. In the upper bed there are found seals, walruses, etc., aquatic and land birds, the arctic fox and dog, with well-made weapons and implements, awls, whetstones, needles, and lamps. In the next layer the dog and fox are absent, as are remains of large whales; and in the lower mammalian layer there are seals and small cetacea only, but no birds or land animals, and the weapons found are ruder. We then come to a considerable layer in which there are no mammalian remains whatever, but only fish-bones and molluscan shells, with rude knives, lance-heads, etc. Below this is a bottom deposit consisting entirely of the shells of echini, and containing no weapons, tools, or implements of any kind, except towards the surface of the layer, where a few hammer stones are found, round pebbles with an indentation on each side for the finger and thumb. The eggs of the Echinus are now eaten raw by the Aleuts, and it is the only eatable part of the animal. It takes forty or fifty full-sized echini for a meal. Some of the heaps cover five acres, and from a careful estimate founded on experiments, and taking the probable numbers of a colony which could have lived on such a spot, Mr. Dall calculates that it would take about twenty-two hundred years to form such an accumulation. A similar estimate applied to the upper layers brings the time required for the accumulation of the entire series to three thousand years, but that is on the supposition that they were formed continuously. This, however, was evidently not the case. Each layer indicates a change of inhabitants with different habits and in a somewhat different phase of civilization, and each such change may imply the lapse of a long period during which the site was abandoned and no accumulation went on. These shell-heaps may, therefore, carry us back to a very remote antiquity.

We next come to remains of man or his works found in association with the bones

\* Second Annual Report of Trustees of Peabody Museum, p. 18.

† Fifth Annual Report of Peabody Museum, p. 22.

of extinct mammalia. The great mastodon skeleton in the British Museum found by Dr. Koch in the Osage Valley, Missouri, had stone arrow-heads and charcoal found near it, but the fact was at the time received with the same incredulity as all other evidences of the antiquity of man. This animal was found at a depth of twenty feet, under seven alternate layers of loam, gravel, clay, and peat, with a forest of old trees on the surface, and one of the arrow-heads lay under the thigh-bone of the mastodon and in contact with it. About the same date (1859) Dr. Holmes communicated to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences his discovery of fragments of pottery in connection with bones of the mastodon and megatherium on the Ashley River of South Carolina.

Such cases as these remove all improbability from the celebrated Natchez man, a portion of a human pelvis from the loess of the Mississippi, which contains bones of the mastodon, megalonyx, horse, bison, and other extinct animals. This bone was stated by Sir Charles Lyell "to be quite in the same state of preservation and of the same black color as the other fossils." Dr. Joseph Leidy agrees with this statement, yet he and Professor C. G. Forshey maintain that it is "more probable" that the human bone fell down the cliff from some Indian grave near the surface. Sir Charles Lyell well remarks that "had the bone belonged to any other recent mammal such a theory would never have been resorted to." The admitted identity of the state of preservation and appearance of the human and animal bones is certainly not consistent with the view that the one is recent, the other ancient, the one artificially buried near the surface, the other in a natural deposit thirty feet below the surface.

Of a similar character to the above is the basket-work mat found in a rock-salt deposit fifteen to twenty feet below the surface in Petit Anse Island, Louisiana, two feet above which were fragments of tusks and bones of an elephant. The salt is said to be very pure, extending over an area of five thousand acres, and the formation of such a deposit requires a considerable change of physical conditions from those now existing, and thus of itself implies great antiquity.\*

These indications of the great antiquity of American man are now supported by such a mass of evidence of the same char-

acter that all the improbability supposed at first to attach to them has been altogether removed. As an illustration of this evidence I need only refer here to the "Report on the Loess of Nebraska," by an experienced geologist, Dr. Samuel Aughey, who states that this deposit, which is now believed by the best American geologists to be of glacial origin, and which covers enormous areas, contains throughout its entire extent many remains of mastodons and elephants, and that he himself had found an arrow and a spear head of flint at depths of fifteen and twenty feet in the deposit. One of these was thirteen feet below a lumbar vertebra of *Elephas americanus*.

We now take a decided step backwards in time, to relics of human industry within or at the close of the glacial period itself. About twenty years ago a well was sunk through the drift at Gages, a few miles south of Lake Ontario, and at a depth of seventeen feet there were found lying on the solid rock three large stones enclosing a space within which were about a dozen charred sticks, thus closely resembling the cooking-fires usually made by savages. Mr. G. K. Gilbert, of the United States Geological Survey, obtained the information from the intelligent farmer who himself found it, and after a close examination of the locality and the drift deposit in its relation to the adjacent lakes, comes to the conclusion that the hearth must have been used "near the end of the second glacial period, and at the time of the separation of Lake Ontario from Lake Erie." When Mr. Gilbert gave an account of his researches on this matter at the meeting of the Washington Anthropological Society, November 16, 1886, two other gentlemen reported finds of similar character. Mr. Murdock, of the Point Barrow Station, near the extreme north-west corner of the continent, in making an excavation for an earth thermometer, found an Eskimo snow-goggle beneath more than twenty feet of frozen gravel and earth capped by a foot of turf. This being near the shores of the Arctic Sea may be a comparatively recent beach formation and of no very great antiquity; but the remaining discovery was more important. Mr. W. J. McGee, a gentleman who has specially studied the glacial and post-glacial formations for the United States Geological Survey, described the finding by himself of a spear-head in the quaternary deposits of the Walker River Cañon, Nevada. These beds consist of several feet of silt and

\* Foster's Prehistoric Races of the United States, p. 56.

loose material at the top, then a layer of calcareous tufa lying upon twenty to thirty feet of white marl, containing remains of extinct mammalia, and resting unconformably upon somewhat similar beds of earlier date. The spear-head was found with its point just protecting from the face of the marl about twenty-six feet below the surface. Before removing the implement, he carefully studied the whole surroundings, and finally came to the conclusion that it had been embedded in the marl during its formation. The beds were deposited by the ancient Lake Lahonton. They have been thoroughly investigated by able geologists, and have been referred to the close of the glacial period, or about the same time as the hearth described by Mr. Gilbert. The spear-head is three and a half inches in length, finely made, and well preserved.

About a hundred miles north-west of St. Paul, in central Minnesota, a thin deposit has been discovered containing numerous worked quartzite implements. They occur at a depth of from twelve to fifteen feet in an old river terrace of modified drift, and the deposit marks an ancient land surface on which the implements are found, and which must have been deposited at about the close of the last glacial epoch.\* Mr. N. H. Winchell, State geologist of Minnesota, has found similar chips and implements in the upper part of the same deposit; and also human bones in the eastern terrace bluffs at Minneapolis, in a formation of about the same age as the above.

The same writer reports a still more remarkable discovery of a fragment of a human lower jaw in the red clay and boulder drift, but resting immediately on the limestone rock. This red clay belongs to the first or oldest glacial period, and we thus have the proofs of man's existence carried back not only to the end of the glacial epoch, but perhaps to its very commencement.†

We now come to the very interesting discoveries of Dr. Charles C. Abbott, of Trenton, New Jersey. In the extensive deposits of gravel in the valley of the Delaware, fresh surfaces of which are continually exposed in the cliffs on the river's banks, he has found large numbers of rude stone implements, almost identical in size and general form with the well-known

palæolithic implements of the valley of the Somme. These have been found at depths of from five to over twenty feet from the surface, in perfectly undisturbed soil, and that they are characteristic of this particular deposit is shown by the fact that they are found nowhere else in the same district. Large boulders, some of very great size, are found throughout the deposit, and in one case Dr. Abbott found a well-chipped spear-shaped implement immediately beneath a stone weighing at least half a ton. Professor N. S. Shaler, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, after examining the locality and himself obtaining some implements *in situ*, says, "I am disposed to consider these deposits as formed in the sea near the foot of the retreating ice-sheet when the sub-glacial rivers were pouring out the vast quantity of water and waste that clearly were released during the breaking up of the great ice-time." Dr. Abbott however adduces facts which seem to prove that some part of the deposit at all events was sub-aërial, for he states that the very large boulders often have immediately under them a foot or more of soil between the lower surface of the stone and the gravel, and that this layer often extends some distance laterally, showing that it formed a land surface on which the boulders rested, and which was subsequently removed by water action, except where thus protected. At any rate we may accept Professor Shaler's conclusion: "If these remains are really those of man, they prove the existence of inter-glacial man on this part of our shore." That the implements are of human workmanship is quite certain, and the fact stated by Professor Shaler himself that "they are made of a curious granular argillite, the like of which I do not know in the place," is an additional proof of it. The further fact that the remains of man himself have been discovered in the same deposit completes the demonstration. First a human cranium was found of peculiar characteristics, being small, long, and very thick; then a tooth; and, lastly, a portion of a human under jaw, found at a depth of sixteen feet from the surface, near where a fragment of mastodon tusk had been found some years before. In recording this last discovery the curator of the Peabody Museum remarks: "To Dr. Abbott alone belongs the credit of having worked out the problem of the antiquity of man on the Atlantic coast," so that this gentleman appears to stand in a somewhat similar relation to this great

\* Vestiges of Glacial Man in Minnesota, by F. E. Babbitt, Proc. of Am. Assoc., vol. xxxii., 1883.

† Annual Report of the State Geologist of Minnesota, 1877, p. 60.

question in America as did Boucher de Perthes in Europe. His researches are recorded in the first, second, and third volumes of the Reports of the Peabody Museum.

The interesting series of researches now briefly recorded has led us on step by step through the several stages of the quaternary at least as far back as the first great glacial period, thus corresponding to the various epochs of neolithic and palæolithic man in Europe, terminating in the Suffolk flints, claimed to be pre-glacial by Mr. Skertchley, or the earliest traces of human occupancy in Kent's Cavern, of which Mr. Pengelly states that "he is compelled to believe that the earliest men of Kent's Hole were inter-glacial if not pre-glacial." It now remains to adduce the evidence which carries us much further back, and demonstrates the existence of man in pliocene times. This evidence is derived from the works of art and human crania found in the auriferous gravels of California, and in order to appreciate duly its weight and importance, it is necessary to understand something of the physical characteristics of the country and the nature of the gravels themselves, with their included fossils, since both these factors combine to determine their geological age.

The great lateral valleys of the Sierra Nevada are characterized by enormous beds of gravel, sometimes in thick deposits on the sides or filling up the whole bed of the valley, at other times forming detached hills or even mountains of considerable size. These gravel deposits are often covered with a bed of hard basalt or lava, having a generally level but very rugged surface, and hence possessing, when isolated, a very peculiar form, to which the name "table mountain" is often given. These tabular hills are sometimes a thousand or even fifteen hundred feet high, and the basaltic capping varies from fifty to two hundred feet thick. The gravels themselves are frequently interstratified with a fine white clay and sometimes with layers of basalt.

Geological exploration of the district clearly exhibits the origin of this peculiar conformation of the surface. At some remote period the lower lateral valleys of the Sierra Nevada became gradually filled with deposits of gravel brought down from the higher and steeper valleys. During the time this was going on there were numerous volcanic eruptions in the higher parts of the range, sending out great

showers of ashes, which formed the beds now consolidated into pipe-clay or cement, while occasional lava streams produced intercalating layers of basalt. After this had gone on for a long period, and the valleys had in many places been filled up with *débris* to the depth of many hundred feet, there was a final and very violent eruption, causing outflows of lava which flowed down many of the valleys, filled the river beds, and covered up a considerable portion of the gravel deposits. These lava streams, some of which may be now traced for a length of twenty miles, of course flowed down the lower or middle portion of each valley, so that any part of the gravel remaining uncovered would be that most remote from the river bed towards one or other side of the valley. This gravel, being now the lowest ground as well as that most easily denuded, would of course be eaten away by the torrents and mark the commencement of new river beds, which thenceforth went on deepening their channels and forming new valleys which undermined and carried away some of the gravel, but always left steep slopes and cliffs wherever the lava flow protected the surface from the action of the rains. Hence it happens that the existing rivers are often in very different directions from the old ones, and sometimes cut across them, and thus isolated table mountains have been left rising up out of the surrounding plain or valley. What was once a single lava stream now forms several detached hills, the tops of which can be seen to form parts of one gently inclined plane, the surface of the original lava flow, now a thousand feet or more above the adjacent valleys. The American and Yuba valleys have been lowered from eight hundred to fifteen hundred feet, while the Stanislaus river gorge has cut through one of these basalt-covered hills to the depth of fifteen hundred feet.

While travelling by stage, last summer, from Stockton to the Yosemite Valley, I passed through this very district, and was greatly impressed by the indications of vast change in the surface of the country since the streams of lava flowed down the valleys. In the Stanislaus Valley the numerous table mountains were very picturesque, often running out into castellated headlands or exhibiting long ranges of rugged black cliffs. At one spot the road passed through the ancient river bed, clearly marked by its gravel, pebbles, and sand, but now about three or four

hundred feet above the present river. We also often saw rock surfaces of metamorphic slates far above the present river bed, thus proving that the original bed-rocks of the valley, as well as the lava and gravels, have been cut away to a considerable depth since the epoch of the lava flows. The ranges of table mountains now separated by deep valleys more than a thousand feet below them, could easily be seen, by their perfect agreement of slope and level, to have once formed part of an enormous lava stream spread over a continuous surface of gravel and rock.

These great changes in the physical conditions and in the surface features of the country alone imply a great lapse of time, but they are enforced and rendered even more apparent by the proofs of change in the flora and fauna afforded by the fossils, which occur in some abundance both in the gravels and volcanic clays. The animal remains found beneath the basaltic cap are very numerous, and are all of extinct species. They belong to the genera rhinoceros, elotherium, felis, canis, bos, tapirus, hipparion, equus, elephas, mastodon, and auchenia, and form an assemblage entirely distinct from those that now inhabit any part of the North American continent. Besides these we have a tolerably abundant series of vegetable remains, well preserved in the white clays formed from the volcanic ash. These comprise forty-nine species of deciduous trees and shrubs, all distinct from those now living, while not a single coniferous leaf or fruit has been found, although pines and firs are now the prevalent trees all over the sierra. Professor Lesquereux, who has described these plants, considers them to be of pliocene age with some affinities to miocene; while Professor Whitney, the State geologist of California, considers that the animal remains indicate at least a similar antiquity.

These abundant animal and vegetable remains have mostly been discovered in the process of gold-mining, the gravel and sand of the old river beds preserved under the various flows of basalt being especially rich in gold. Numerous shafts have been sunk and underground tunnels excavated in the auriferous gravels and clays, and the result has been the discovery not only of extinct animals and plants, but of works of art and human remains. The former have been found in nine different counties in the same gravels in which the extinct animals occur, while in no less than five widely separate localities, under-

neath the ancient lava flows, remains of man himself have been discovered. In order to show the amount of this evidence, and to enable us to appreciate the force or weakness of the objections with which, as usual, it has been received, a brief enumeration of these discoveries will be made. We will begin with the works of art, as being the most numerous.

In Tuolumne County from 1862 to 1865 stone mortars and platters were found in the auriferous gravel along with bones and teeth of mastodon ninety feet below the surface, and a stone muller was obtained in a tunnel driven under Table Mountain. In 1870 a stone mortar was found at a depth of sixty feet in gravel under clay and "cement," as the hard clay with vegetable remains (the old volcanic ash) is called by the miners. In Calaveras County from 1860 to 1869 many mortars and other stone implements were found in the gravels under lava beds, and in other auriferous gravels and clays at a depth of one hundred and fifty feet. In Amador County stone mortars have been found in similar gravel at a depth of forty feet. In Placer County stone platters and dishes have been found in auriferous gravels from ten to twenty feet below the surface. In Nevada County stone mortars and ground discs have been found from fifteen to thirty feet deep in the gravel. In Butte County similar mortars and pestles have been found in the lower gravel beneath lava beds and auriferous gravel; and many other similar finds have been recorded. It must be noted that the objects found are almost characteristic of California, where they are very abundant in graves or on the sites of old settlements, having been used to pound up acorns, which formed an important part of the food of the Indians. They occur literally by hundreds, and are so common that they have little value. It seems therefore absurd to suppose that in scores of cases, over a wide area of country and over a long series of years, gold-miners should have taken the trouble to carry down into their mines or mix with their refuse gravel these articles, of whose special scientific interest in the places where found they have no knowledge whatever. It is further noted that many of these utensils found in the old gravels are coarse and rudely finished as compared with those of more recent manufacture found on the surface. The further objection has been made that there is too great a similarity between these objects and those made in



comparatively recent times. But the same may be said of the most ancient arrow and spear heads and those made by modern Indians. The use of the articles has in both cases been continuous, and the objects themselves are so necessary and so comparatively simple, that there is no room for any great modification of form.

We will now pass on to the remains of man himself. In the year 1857 a fragment of a human skull with mastodon *debris* was brought up from a shaft in Table Mountain, Tuolumne County, from a depth of one hundred and eighty feet below the surface. The matter was investigated by Professor Whitney, the State geologist, who was satisfied that the specimen had been found in the "pay gravel," beneath a bed three feet thick of cement with fossil leaves and branches, over which was seventy feet of clay and gravel. The most remarkable discovery, however is that known as the Calaveras skull. In the year 1866 some miners found in the cement, in close proximity to a petrified oak, a curious rounded mass of earthy and stony material containing bones, which they put on one side, thinking it was a curiosity of some kind. Professor Wyman, to whom it was given, had great difficulty in removing the cemented gravel and discovering that it was really a human skull nearly entire. Its base was embedded in a conglomerate mass of ferruginous earth, water-worn volcanic pebbles, calcareous tufa, and fragments of bones, and several bones of the human foot and other parts of the skeleton were found wedged into the internal cavity of the skull. Chemical examination showed the bones to be in a fossilized condition, the organic matter and phosphate of lime being replaced by carbonate. It was found beneath four beds of lava, and in the fourth bed of gravel from the surface; and Professor Whitney, who afterwards secured the specimen for the State Geological Museum, has no doubt whatever of its having been found as described.

In Professor Whitney's elaborate "Report on the Auriferous Gravels of the Sierra Nevada," from which most of the preceding sketch is taken, he arrives at the conclusion that the whole evidence distinctly proves "that man existed in California previous to the cessation of volcanic activity in the Sierra Nevada, to the epoch of greatest extension of the glaciers in that region and to the erosion of the present river cañons and valleys, at a time when the animal and vegetable

creations differed entirely from what they are now, and when the topographical features of the State were extremely unlike those exhibited by the present surface." He elsewhere states that the animal and vegetable remains of these deposits prove them to be of "at least as ancient a date as the European pliocene."

Professor Whitney enumerates two other cases in which human bones have been discovered in the auriferous gravel, and in one of them the bones were found by an educated observer, Dr. Boyce, M.D., under a bed of basaltic lava eight feet thick; but these are of but little importance when compared with the preceding cases, as to which we have such full and precise details. The reason why these remarkable discoveries should have been made in California rather than in any other part of America is sufficiently apparent if we consider the enormous amount of excavation of the pliocene gravels in the long-continued prosecution of gold-mining, and also the probability that the region was formerly, as now, characterized by a milder climate, and a more luxuriant perennial vegetation, and was thus able to support a comparatively dense population even in those remote times. Admitting that man did inhabit the Pacific slope at the time indicated, the remains appear to be of such a character as might be anticipated and present all the characteristics of genuine discoveries.

Even these Californian remains do not exhaust the proofs of man's great antiquity in America, since we have the record of another discovery which indicates that he may, possibly, have existed at an even more remote epoch. Mr. E. L. Berthoud has described the finding of stone implements of a rude type in the tertiary gravels of the Crow Creek, Colorado. Some shells were obtained from the same gravels, which were determined by Mr. T. A. Conrad to be species which are "certainly not later than older pliocene, or possibly miocene." The account of this remarkable discovery, published in the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, 1872, is not very clear or precise, and it is much to be wished that some competent geologist would examine the locality. But the series of proofs of the existence of man by the discovery of his remains or his works going back step by step to the pliocene period, which have been now briefly enumerated, takes away from this alleged discovery the extreme improbability which

would be held to attach to it at the time when it was made.

It is surely now time that this extreme scepticism as to any extension of the human period beyond that reached by Boucher de Perthes, half a century ago, should give way to the ever-increasing body of facts on the other side of the question. Geologists and anthropologists must alike feel that there is a great, and at present inexplicable chasm, intervening between the earliest remains of man and those of his animal predecessors—that the entire absence of the “missing link” is a reproach to the doctrine of evolution; yet with strange inconsistency they refuse to accept evidence which in the case of any extinct or living animal, other than man, would be at least provisionally held to be sufficient, but follow in the very footsteps of those who blindly refused even to examine into the evidence adduced by the earlier discoverers of the antiquity of man, and thus play into the hands of those who can adduce his recent origin and unchangeability as an argument against the descent of man from the lower animals. Believing that the whole bearing of the comparative anatomy of man and of the anthropoid apes, together with the absence of indications of any essential change in his structure during the quaternary period, lead to the conclusion that he *must* have existed, as man, in pliocene times, and that the intermediate forms connecting him with the higher apes probably lived during the early pliocene or the miocene period, it is urged that all such discoveries as those described in the present article are in themselves probable and such as we have a right to expect. If this be the case, the proper way to treat evidence as to man's antiquity is to place it on record, and admit it provisionally wherever it would be held adequate in the case of other animals; not, as is too often now the case, ignore it as unworthy of acceptance or subject its discoverers to indiscriminate accusations of being either impostors themselves or the victims of impostors. Error is sure to be soon detected, and its very detection is often a valuable lesson. But facts, once rejected, are apt to remain long buried in obscurity, and their non-recognition may often act as a check to further progress. It is in the hope of inducing a more healthy public opinion on this interesting and scientifically important question that this brief record of the evidences of man's antiquity in North America has been compiled.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

From Good Words.  
MAJOR AND MINOR.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

#### CHAPTER XL.

#### GILBERT IS QUITE SUCCESSFUL.

To have bestowed the warmest affections of one's heart upon an unworthy object is, beyond doubt, a great calamity. It is true that, after a certain time of life, we are not inclined to view such mishaps in a very serious light; we are apt to smile indulgently, but a trifle ironically, at those who bewail themselves over a blighted love affair, because we know that so many worse things than that may befall the pilgrim through this vale of tears. He may, for example, be cursed with a disorganized liver, which is a thing far less amenable to treatment than a broken heart; or he may, through some taint of hereditary sin, be an Irish landlord; or he may, for the matter of that, have been successful in his wooing and married the woman of his choice, with consequences altogether unforeseen by him when he gaily bade farewell to celibacy. In fact, there is no end to the incurable ills which flesh is heir to, whereas it has been admitted on all hands since the world began that love troubles, though sharp for a time, are by no means incurable. But wisdom of this kind comes only by experience; and until the age of thirty or thereabouts (which is as much as to say during the better, and by far the longer half of life), few men or women attain to it. And since an affliction is heavy or light simply and solely in proportion as it is felt to be the one or the other by the person afflicted, it must be allowed that Brian Segrave, after hearing Beatrice's confession, had every right to consider himself a most unhappy mortal.

That right would, at any rate, have been conceded to him by Kitty Greenwood, who at the same time was thinking the same thing of herself for very much the same reason. Yet she was not, in truth, quite as unhappy as he, because the discovery that she had been deceived in the object of her adoration had a very different effect upon her from that which a similar discovery had produced upon him. She might have forgiven Gilbert for deserting her; she might have loved him still, or fancied that she loved him still, after his heart had been given to another woman; but when she saw plainly that he was not only ready to sacrifice her for the sake of material advantages but deter-

mined to cover his retreat by forcing her to accept the responsibility of breaking off their engagement, her love for him died at once and forever. The man's whole character was revealed to her by that final touch of baseness, and her first feeling was rather one of thankfulness for her deliverance than of anger against him. She was, however, very angry with Beatrice; and that she did not at once give him the dismissal which he almost asked for at Halcombe was due partly to a not unnatural reluctance to make her rival's path smooth, and partly to a reason which many people might think far-fetched, but which had a certain weight with one whose conscience was sensitive and schooled to the examination of nice points. If—as was evidently the case—Gilbert had been led astray by an unscrupulous flirt, might it not be her duty to withhold his release until he positively demanded it? If she possessed any influence for good upon him, ought she not to exercise it and rescue him, perhaps, from a temptation which had not yet quite got the victory over him? He had certainly been fascinated once before by Beatrice and had shaken off the fascination.

Mrs. Greenwood would have been justifiably incensed against the sacerdotalism which she had often decried, had she known what was passing through Kitty's mind, and that it was not to her but to Mr. Monckton that her daughter looked for a solution of this somewhat fantastic problem. But she heard nothing about it, and Kitty's application to her spiritual director was made without any previous sanction from the home authorities. In fact the girl knew very well that her parents, kind and good as they were, could not possibly make up her mind for her, whereas she thought that Mr. Monckton could. She was a little surprised when, after listening patiently to all that she had to tell him, he answered without a moment's hesitation,—

"It is as simple a case as I ever heard in my life. Send him about his business; you are well rid of a worthless fellow."

Nor did he give her all the credit that she had expected for her willingness to snatch a brand from the burning. "It can't be anybody's duty to marry a man against his will and her own," he said, with a slight smile. "All you have to ask yourself is whether you can love and respect him; and if you can't, of course you must tell him that your engagement is at an end."

"Yes," agreed Kitty dubiously, while the tears forced their way into her eyes; "but—but then I shall have to bear the whole blame, and mamma is sure to be very much displeased with me, and—and——"

"Yes?" said Monckton.

"And oh, Mr. Monckton, it *is* rather hard that Beatrice Huntley should get all she wants and not even be made to feel ashamed of herself!"

"I think I may undertake to make your peace with Mrs. Greenwood; she isn't a very implacable person, is she? And as for Miss Huntley—well, I don't know exactly what Miss Huntley's aims and objects may be; she has avoided me for a long time past."

"Because she hasn't dared to speak to you."

"Well, if so, I suppose she is a little ashamed of herself already; and though her punishment is no business of yours, it is pretty sure to overtake her, I think. If she marries Gilbert Segrave that will be punishment enough in all conscience; and if she doesn't—why, then the Manor House won't be a very pleasant place of residence for her."

"What difference will that make to her? She has plenty of money; she will only go off somewhere else, after doing all this mischief here."

"It has been a beneficent kind of mischief, so far as you are concerned. Indeed, I can't pity you, for you have nothing to accuse yourself of, and most certainly nothing to regret. Besides, I doubt whether you would thank me for pitying you."

This timely appeal to Kitty's pride was not without effect. It was quite true that she did not want to be pitied; nor, as she walked home, did she feel that her plight was a very pitiable one after all. She could not all at once recover her spirits, but every morning when she awoke she was conscious of a sense of relief, as though some great weight had been removed from her mind, and so by degrees she began to understand that her love for Gilbert had not for some time past been as real as she had imagined it.

One afternoon she descried him riding up to the house and went to the door to meet him, as she had been wont. Her pulse was a trifle unsteady, but she felt neither angry nor miserable, only anxious to get the coming ordeal over as quickly as might be. As he drew nearer the sight of his trim figure and well-cut features gave her a strange sensation of repulsion;

there was no doubt about it, he had become hateful to her. He raised his hat on recognizing her, cantered past to the stable yard, and presently returned on foot. Their meetings hitherto had been such as are customary between lovers, although their conversations had not always been lover-like; but now, when he approached her, she drew back, saying, —

"Will you come into the library, please? I have something to tell you."

This was very much what he had been prepared for. He followed her, assuming a seriousness of demeanor suitable to the occasion, and the moment that he had closed the door she began.

"I have been thinking about what you said to me before you went to London, and I see that you were right. It would be impossible for us to live together happily."

"If you think so," answered Gilbert, in grave, subdued accents, "no doubt it is so. I can only bow to your decision."

Nothing in his face or his voice betrayed any inward satisfaction that he may have felt. He looked like one who has had hard measure dealt out to him, but who respects himself too much to complain of it. Kitty had made up her mind to let him march off with the honors of war, since he coveted them; but she was a little bit provoked all the same.

"I suppose," she remarked, "that you think so too."

"I am afraid that, if I am to be truthful, I must answer yes. It seems to me that in many ways — especially with regard to religious questions — our notions of life and duty are diametrically opposed; and I ought not, perhaps, to expect that you should yield to me in such matters. I shall neither have time nor, frankly speaking, inclination, to go to church on week-days; nor, if we were married, would you be able to take your place in society and go on devoting yourself to ecclesiastical exercises. I can't help admitting that these are sufficient reasons to justify you in putting an end to our engagement."

"I dare say they might be; but they are not the real reasons, and I think you should be told what my real reason is. It is simply what you said the other day — that I find you are not what I took you for, and that — I don't love you."

Probably it was not altogether disagreeable to Kitty to make this unequivocal statement; certainly it was not altogether agreeable to Gilbert to hear it. He had an abundance of phrases ready, designed to prove to her in the kindest and most

delicate way that, although she might still love him, it was expedient that she should renounce him; but he was not prepared, upon the spur of the moment, to show cause why she should still love him, although she renounced him; and doubtless that accounted for his blurring out the clumsy rejoinder of —

"It has taken you some time to make this discovery."

"No," she answered simply; "it did not take me long — scarcely a minute, I think. I knew it really before you had finished speaking to me that day at Halcombe."

"Indeed! Then I am surprised that you did not say so at once."

"I thought it better to do as you advised, and take a few days to think it over in. It seemed to me that there was no immediate hurry."

"None whatever. When one has a cruel thing to say, one can always make it doubly effective by saying it deliberately."

"Yes; that is just what I felt about the words that you used to me at Halcombe. They were not hasty words, and I could not go on deceiving myself after them."

Gilbert winced. For weeks he had been doing all that in him lay to bring about this result; yet, now that he had arrived at it, he did not half like it. So painful was it to him to be despised, and so far was he from sharing Kitty's conviction that their old love was dead and gone, that she might, if she had wished it, have won him back to his allegiance even at this eleventh hour. Happily, she had no such desire; for it is certain that he would have repented of his weakness immediately after giving way to it.

"You have not one spark of love left for me, then!" he exclaimed.

She shook her head.

"As little as you have for me," she replied. "I think we understand each other," she added presently in a low voice, "and there is no occasion to say anything more."

Well, really this was very amazing. Gilbert had always been accustomed to regard Kitty as a dear, good little soul, with no brains to speak of and a nature so guileless that any child might get the better of her. Yet here she was making a man of the world look utterly mean and foolish, showing him plainly that she could read to the bottom of his heart and refraining from entering into particulars with a disdainful magnanimity which made his position quite untenable. There was nothing left for him to do but to evacuate it

without loss of time. To do so gracefully was impossible; but notwithstanding his humiliation and embarrassment, he remembered how important it was that there should be no public misapprehension of the causes which had led to this rupture; so he said hesitatingly, —

"I think, for both our sakes, it will be better to make your parents and — and everybody understand that we part because — because — in short, because you have changed your mind about me."

"You will not be blamed," she answered briefly; "I shall tell them nothing more nor less than the truth — that I am convinced that I do not care enough about you to marry you."

Then he mumbled a few words of farewell and got out of the room somehow.

A man who proposes to act disgracefully should make sure beforehand that he is of sufficiently tough fibre to endure contempt. Gilbert, unluckily for himself, was not so constituted, and he rode away from Morden Court in anything but a jubilant mood. He had been very successful, for he had not only regained his liberty but had had it thrust upon him, and had been assured that nothing of a nature to cast discredit upon him would be revealed to the neighborhood; yet he was made miserable by the consciousness that there was one person in the world who knew him for what he was. He almost doubted whether the game was worth the candle. So morbid was his sensitiveness that to incur the disdain of a single insignificant young woman seemed to him, for the moment, too heavy a price to pay for wealth, fame, and gratified ambition. Moreover, he could not feel quite sure of her. Women are proverbially bad hands at keeping a secret; she might let out the truth any day to Monckton, for instance; it dawned upon him that for a long time, perhaps for years to come, his reputation would be in a measure at her mercy. If, at least, she would hold her peace until after the election! But even that did not seem certain.

About the last man in the world whom he would have wished to meet, while under the influence of these despondent forebodings, was Admiral Greenwood; but it was the admiral's thick-set figure which loomed suddenly up in the twilight as he was unfasting the park-gate, and it was the admiral's jovial voice which called out, —

"Hullo, Gilbert! Back from London, eh? Well, what news of Brian's opera? I suppose you have been giving Kitty a

full, true, and particular account of the whole thing. Why she didn't go up with you I can't make out; but women are full of fads and caprices — even the best of 'em — though I don't say so to Mrs. Greenwood. *Varium et mutabile*, you know."

Gilbert perceived at once that the admiral must be enlightened. The necessity was a painful one; but it would be very unwise to shirk it; so he said in a grave, sad voice, —

"I have only too good reason to know it. I am sorry to tell you that all is over between your daughter and me."

"What!" roared the admiral. And then — for albeit a pious man, he had spent the greater part of his life in the Royal Navy — he proceeded to relieve his feelings after the fashion customary among sailors, while Gilbert sat silent on his horse, the picture of dignified resignation.

"God forgive me for swearing!" ejaculated the admiral, after pausing a moment to take breath; "but this is really preposterous. Come, come; we mustn't make mountains out of molehills. Lovers' quarrels — kiss and make it up again, eh? Now, Gilbert, you just come straight back to the house with me, and we'll set this all right in a jiffy."

But Gilbert made a melancholy gesture of dissent.

"You don't understand," said he mildly. "There has been no quarrel; but Miss Greenwood has told me in so many words that she does not care enough for me to become my wife."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed the admiral.

Gilbert gathered up his reins. "Of course," he remarked, "I can't compel you to accept my word."

The admiral did not appear to be much impressed by this lofty rebuke. "Stop a bit, my young friend," returned he; "you're asking me, let me remind you, to believe that my girl is a jilt, and I shall want better security than your word before I'll sit down under an accusation of that kind. I may be wrong — and if I am I'll beg your pardon — but it strikes me very forcibly that I haven't heard the rights of this affair yet. One thing I can tell you: no man shall play fast and loose with my daughter; and if I find that is what you've been doing, so sure as I stand here, I'll thrash you first and make the place too hot to hold you afterwards."

The truth was that the admiral had never been able to conquer his distrust of his prospective son-in-law, and although none of the rumors which had been flying



about Kingscliff had reached his ears, he had an intuitive conviction that this catastrophe was none of Kitty's creating.

"I am sorry," said Gilbert, "that you should think fit to express yourself so intemperately. I can only refer you to Miss Greenwood, and hope that when you have seen her, you will feel that you owe me an apology. Good-night."

Thereupon he turned and went his way, with an outward composure which concealed much inward perturbation. The admiral's threat of thrashing him was, of course, all nonsense; the difference in their ages rendered anything in the shape of a personal encounter between them impossible. But that the place might easily be made too hot to hold him he did not doubt. "What a thundering idiot I was to speak to the man at all!" he muttered. "It would have been so simple to be overcome by my emotions and to ride on, without answering when he hailed me."

All his previous misgivings were swept away by the thought of this new danger. Everything now depended upon whether Kitty chose to stand to her guns or not, and really there was no reason why she should brave the wrath of a choleric father in order to shield a false lover. Nevertheless, Gilbert saw that, if the worst came to the worst, he could make out a tolerably plausible case for himself. She might bring charges against him, but she could hardly prove them; and the fact remained that he had given the admiral a strictly truthful version of their rupture. It was Kitty and not he who had put an end to the engagement, and she had done so on the specific ground that she no longer loved him. The most determined suitor in the world could only retire after such a declaration as that.

As he rode through Kingscliff it occurred to him that it might be prudent to forestall rumor and provide the gossips with an authorized account of what must in any event become the subject of eager discussion before the next twenty-four hours were over. There was a small club in the place, which at that season of the year was always thronged with loungers between five and seven o'clock. Thither he betook himself, and leaving his horse in charge of a boy at the door, went upstairs to the billiard-room, where, as he had expected, he found half a-dozen men playing pool and another half-dozen or so looking on.

One of them, Johnson by name, immediately accosted him with, "Well, Se-

Radical prospects not quite so bright as they were, are they?"

This Johnson, a major on half pay, a frequenter of tea-parties, a steward of local balls, and an inveterate retailer of local scandals, was just the man for Gilbert's purpose. He was of course a Conservative (for who ever heard of a Radical half-pay major?), but he liked to be upon good terms with the landed proprietors of the neighborhood, and affected a certain intimacy with the owner of Beckton while deploring his political apostasy.

"I know nothing about our prospects," Gilbert answered, "nor, so far as I can see, does anybody else. If I look down in the mouth, I suppose it is because I have private worries of my own."

"Ah!" said Johnson inquisitively. "Well, we all have worries enough, goodness knows — health, or money, or women; the three roots of all evil, as I say. Hope your trouble isn't connected with any of them. Excuse me, my dear fellow, I really didn't mean to question you. Sounded as if I did, I'm afraid."

"Oh," answered Gilbert, with a sigh, "I don't mind being questioned. Indeed, I may as well tell you at once what everybody will know before long. My engagement is off, that's all."

"You don't say so! Really and finally off, is it? Dear, dear, dear! Well, Se-  
grave, I'm sincerely sorry for this."

Gilbert gravely thanked his sympathizing friend. "I hope you understand," he added, "that I make no complaint against Miss Greenwood. You, who know women so much better than I do, must be aware that they often change their minds."

"Yes, yes; very true," agreed Major Johnson, with a sapient air. "And so she has actually thrown you over. Did she — if I may ask — give any reasons?"

Gilbert shrugged his shoulders. "In such cases it is hardly generous to press for reasons," he remarked. "I have always been a Broad Churchman; perhaps that may have had something to do with it."

He moved away, as if he did not care to pursue the subject further; and after gloomily watching the players for another ten minutes and exchanging a few words with some of them, left the room.

His tactics would have been admirable but for the fact (of which he was as ignorant as Admiral Greenwood) that his attentions to Miss Huntley had been the common talk of Kingscliff during the preceding three weeks. Thus it was that everybody in the club was speedily in-

formed of how "that fellow Segrave" had given poor little Miss Greenwood the slip.

"Had it from his own lips," Major Johnson declared, swelling with satisfaction. "He tried to make out that she had thrown him over; because he isn't a Ritualist, too; as if I should believe such a cock-and-bull story as that! I told you how it would be. Now, didn't I tell you fellows from the first how it would be? I should have warned poor old Greenwood, only I hate to interfere with other people's business. And a most infernal shame it is, upon my word! That young Segrave," continued the major, wagging his head solemnly — "well, his father was a friend of mine, and he is pleased to consult me pretty frequently, and perhaps I ought not to speak against him. But if I am asked my opinion of him, why, I must give it candidly."

"I'm sure you're always ready to give a candid opinion of any of your friends, Johnny," remarked a younger member of the club.

"Yes, sir," replied the major, drawing himself up, "I am not given to disguising my opinions, and what I say behind a man's back I say to his face. Well, well, I suppose the next thing we shall hear will be that he has landed the heiress."

#### CHAPTER XLI.

##### GILBERT'S TRUMP CARD.

ON the ensuing morning Gilbert received an apology from the admiral which was more apologetic in matter than in manner.

"I cannot see my way," the old gentleman wrote, with touching simplicity, "to avoid asking your pardon; for I find that your account of what still seems to me an unaccountable business was substantially correct. I beg, therefore, to withdraw any offensive expressions which I may have used to you. As it has been suggested to me that you may be under some apprehension of losing my vote at the coming election, I take this opportunity of stating that I shall vote, as heretofore, with the party to which I have belonged all my life, little as I admire some of its measures and a good many of its members."

This was not precisely a message of peace; but it came as an immense relief to Gilbert, who had been in trembling expectation of a declaration of war. The admiral might, and probably did, smell a rat; but pride would keep his lips closed,

while the authorized and authoritative Johnson might be trusted to put the gossips to silence. Gilbert avoided the town during the next few days; otherwise he might possibly have detected signs of a rising wave of hostile public opinion. As it was, the first intimation of its existence was conveyed to him through the medium of the local newspaper, which reported at full length a speech delivered by the Conservative candidate to a crowded meeting of the electors.

Mr. Giles, as usual, was very funny. The patient cow trotted forth at his bidding and disported herself in many a humorous metaphor; the assumed determination of the new voters to possess themselves of three acres of land apiece was declared to be not inconsistent with the insatiability of a political body which could not be contented with less than three leaders.

"We, gentlemen, as you know, have been politely called the stupid party; and perhaps it is owing to our stupidity that we can understand a man agreeing with Mr. Gladstone, or Mr. Chamberlain, or Lord Hartington, but have a difficulty in realizing the mental process by which he can bring himself to agree with them all at once. We cannot help thinking that before long he will have to choose one or other of these statesmen, and fearing that that one will refuse to hand him over even a single poor acre of his neighbor's property."

But it was when Mr. Giles withdrew from the general struggle to fight his own little battle that, according to the newspaper, he carried his audience triumphantly along with him; and the newspaper added that in that audience there was a considerable contingent of Radicals. "My friend and adversary Mr. Segrave," the orator was reported to have observed, "has become curiously cautious of late. I search through his eloquent speeches in vain for cows and acres; I find no more allusions to free education; he seems to have clean forgotten that a month or two ago the Church Establishment was doomed. Now, I will not accuse my friend of hedging; but I will venture to hazard the conjecture that he has selected his leader, and that the leader in question does not hail from Birmingham. No; I think the leader in question would be found a little north of Birmingham and not quite so far north as Midlothian. I haven't a word to say against that selection, which may or may not be a prudent one; but I can't help wondering, in my stupid Conservative way,

how we are to reconcile it with Mr. Segrave's earlier and more distinct utterances. We know, because he has told us so, that he is in favor of very sweeping measures indeed—and Brutus is an honorable man (laughter). We know—for is it not recorded in the pages of that admirably edited journal, the *Kingscliff Chronicle*?—that no longer ago than the month of August last he was firmly convinced that every civilized State is as much bound to provide its humblest citizens with instruction as with food—and Brutus is an honorable man (laughter). We know—we cannot doubt it, since we have his own authority to rely upon—that a bill for the payment of members of Parliament would have his hearty support—and Brutus is an honorable man" (great laughter).

The speaker appeared to have continued in this strain for something like a quarter of an hour. There is no more tedious reading in the world than the facetious attacks of an opponent. It is impossible to see anything amusing in them, it is extremely hard to comprehend why any one should find them so, and often—as in the present instance—they appear to be absolutely pointless. What point was there in repeating "Brutus is an honorable man" at the end of every sentence? And what was there in that inane reiteration to excite "great laughter"? Gilbert found out when he turned over the page and read Mr. Giles's summing up of that branch of his subject.

"Well, gentlemen, these things are mysterious to us; for we are only stupid Conservatives, and, like the stupid man in the fable, we find it strange that the same mouth should be able to blow hot and cold. But we may rest assured that a satisfactory explanation will be forthcoming in due time. It cannot be otherwise; because nothing is more clear than that Mr. Segrave is pledged to the extreme Radical programme, and although I cannot pretend to an intimate personal acquaintance with my distinguished rival, yet, from all that I hear of him, I feel convinced that he would be the last man in the world—quite the last man in the world—to break an engagement of any kind" (roars of laughter).

This was very disagreeable, and most ungentlemanlike conduct it was on the part of Giles to give a private and personal character to a political controversy. Such allusions are just what tend more than anything else to degrade public life and to deter respectable persons from entering upon it. However, Gilbert could

have pardoned him his allusion if only it had not been received with roars of laughter. The echo of that significant hilarity resounded in the culprit's ears and made him feel that his position was a ticklish one. He had been assured—and he believed it—that he could not afford to lose a hundred or even fifty votes; he knew that the laughter of mobs is often and easily converted into hooting, and he very much feared that his chances might be placed in serious jeopardy by innuendoes to which he dared not make any reply. His conclusion was that the sooner he could produce his trump card the better it would be for him.

Now, this playing of the trump card would not, of course, be in all respects pleasant. His friends and the Greenwood's friends would be a little shocked and a little disgusted to hear that so very soon after receiving his *congé* from Kitty he had engaged himself to another woman. Yet he would not be quite the first man who has astonished his neighbors in that way; they might, if they were disposed to be charitable, attribute his apparent heartlessness to a fit of pique or despair; their bitterest sarcasms would doubtless be reserved, as they always are in such cases, for the lady. And, at any rate, their disapprobation must be risked. The main thing was to be able to tell Buswell that the Manor House would soon be in his hands, and to make the electors understand that by rejecting him they would reject a man of great wealth; which wealth would assuredly be lavished upon another constituency if they allowed it to slip through their fingers. He was strongly of opinion that these practical considerations would prove more persuasive than the satire of Mr. Giles or the outraged propriety of a few old frumps and fogeys. That he held the trump card in his hand he would not allow himself to doubt. Beatrice Huntley, if he knew anything of her character, was not the woman to encourage any one as she had encouraged him without being prepared to go all lengths; nor was she the woman to be diverted from her purpose by fear of censorious tongues. Indeed, he had often envied her superb indifference to what might be said or thought about her. Still he was nervous and desperately eager to be put out of suspense. Beatrice had told him that she would stay a week and no longer at her brother's house; but it was quite possible that she might change her mind, and time was of the greatest importance. What if, after all, she were to

delay her return until it should be too late?

He would not have felt much fear on that score if he had known how very unpleasant Miss Huntley's visit was being made for her by her sister-in-law. It was with feelings of the most unfeigned joy that Beatrice, having stood firm against all Lady Clementina's supplications, threats, and denunciations, and having refused Stapleford for the second time, seated herself in the train which was to convey her back to Kingscliff. She had been victorious, but her victory had not been easily won; and Gilbert, who called upon her on the following afternoon, was startled by her worn and jaded appearance.

"You don't look at all well," he could not help saying.

"I don't feel well," she replied shortly; "I have been worried to death. Deservedly worried too, which makes it all the worse."

"I don't know why or by whom you have been worried; but I am quite sure that you have not deserved it," Gilbert declared.

"Are you? I can't think why you should be; but it doesn't much matter. Now that I look at you, you also show traces of care. Has the world been treating you ill since we parted?"

"I suppose most people would think so," answered Gilbert; "but somehow or other, I hardly imagine that you will. You never considered my engagement a wise one, did you?"

"Never. And latterly I have observed symptoms of your having come round to my view. Have you broken it off, then?"

"It has been broken off. Not by me, though, I am glad to say. Even after I knew that I had made a great mistake I felt that it would be quite impossible for me to release myself; but to you I won't pretend that I am not heartily rejoiced at my release. Indeed it is a happy release for her too."

"I should rather think it was! Excuse me if I am unflattering; but really I can't help agreeing with you."

"I don't think that is unflattering," said Gilbert; "it is the truth. It was neither her fault nor mine that we could not be happy together. Only I am very sorry that we did not recognize facts a little sooner. When I look back upon it all I am amazed at my — my —"

"Yes? What is it that you are amazed at? Your patience, perhaps?"

"Oh, no; I was bound to be patient, under the circumstances. I was going to say at my madness. Surely a man must be crazy if he imagines himself in love with one woman while all the time he is really in love with another."

"Quite fit for a padded cell, I should say. And can it be that that is actually your lamentable case?"

"Don't laugh at me," pleaded Gilbert reproachfully; "this is no laughing matter for me, whatever it may be for you. And I am sure you know, and have known for a long time, that that is my case. Sometimes I think that I may have feared my fate too much. When I first met you — well, it wasn't very strange that I should regard you as being far above my reach, was it? Now that I am better acquainted with you, I see that you don't value yourself, as most women in your place would, for your money or even for your beauty. I now know that you would never think of saying to yourself, 'I am entitled to marry a man of the highest position, and therefore I shall be satisfied with nothing short of that.' But I could not very well know it then, could I?"

"I forgive you for having taken my measure by too low a standard," said Beatrice gravely; "it was only natural."

"It was natural, at all events, that I should be extremely reluctant to admit to myself that I had done so foolish a thing as to fall in love with you. I persuaded myself that all I felt for you was admiration, and afterwards friendship — when you seemed willing to allow me that privilege. So things went on until last summer, in London, when I left you so suddenly — do you remember? — and in a sort of panic proposed to Miss Greenwood and was accepted. It was a conclusive way of proving to myself that I did not love you."

Beatrice was bending over the fire, resting one elbow on her knee and shielding her face from the blaze with a large feather hand-screen. "Oh," she said, without changing her attitude or looking at Gilbert; "that was why you proposed to Kitty Greenwood, was it?"

"Yes," he answered unblushingly; "that was why. It was wrong, perhaps, and certainly it was foolish; but I have repented of it and I am ashamed of it."

He rose and drew nearer to her. "Do you forgive me, Beatrice?" he asked; and as he spoke he took her left hand, which was lying on the arm of her chair.

She drew it away, but without apparent displeasure. Indeed she was not under

the influence of any emotion at all that he could detect; and it was in a perfectly cool, matter-of-fact voice that she asked, "What is it that you are ashamed of?"

"Why, I have told you," he answered; "I am ashamed of having all but married a girl whom I did not love."

"Oh, I think not. I don't see how you can be ashamed of that; because, you see, that is an offence of which you haven't been guilty. If you feel ashamed—but are you sure that you do?—surely it must be for having forsaken a girl whom you really did love when you asked her to marry you, and whom I suppose that you really love still—in your peculiar fashion."

For a moment Gilbert was horribly frightened; but, remembering that it would be quite characteristic of Beatrice to torment him a little before owning herself vanquished, he took heart of grace.

"You don't mean what you say," was his rejoinder.

"I assure you I do; and between ourselves, isn't it the truth? Come, Mr. Segrave, we are alone, and there is no reason in the world why we should not be quite open with each other. I intend, at least, to be quite open with you, and, to set you more at your ease, I may as well tell you at once that you are in no way a mystery to me. You were, and, as I said just now, I believe you still are, as much in love with Kitty Greenwood as you are capable of being in love with any one; you hesitated a long time about proposing to her, because you are gifted with immense prudence, and your hesitation naturally increased when it dawned upon you that you might secure a far more valuable prize. You are so kind as to say that I don't value myself by the amount of my fortune; still I am aware that that is just what constitutes my value in the eyes of prudent persons, and of course my value was greatly enhanced in the eyes of one prudent person when I came into possession of this property, which Mr. Buswell wants so badly for building purposes. In July last you had fully made up your mind to marry me and the Manor House; but at a critical moment your prudence deserted you; your head followed your heart, and lo and behold! you found yourself an engaged man. Now, after a more or less painful struggle, you are once more free. I congratulate you upon your freedom, and I should imagine that you are likely to retain it."

Gilbert had turned white to the lips. He saw that there was but one chance for

him, and he took it. "What you say sounds very like the truth," he answered boldly. "It would be easy to put it differently; but I have already told you that I did think myself in love with Kitty, and I confess that I am not altogether indifferent to money. I don't know who is. What then? Neither you nor I are sentimental; we know that friendship and sympathy wear better than love, and I think I may venture to say that we are suited to one another. You know the worst of me now. If you will marry me, Beatrice, you shall know the best of me. Believe me, you will not find me unworthy of you."

She turned her face slowly towards him. "Mr. Segrave," she said, in deliberate accents, "I would as soon marry a convict."

So for a few seconds they faced one another without speaking. It was Gilbert who first broke the silence. "You have deceived me intentionally from first to last, then?" he exclaimed.

She inclined her head slightly in token of assent.

"But why?—why?" he burst out excitedly. "What have I ever done to you that you should treat me with such cold-blooded cruelty? You have made me act like a scoundrel—for I have acted like a scoundrel, there is no use in denying it now—you have probably lost me my election; I don't see how I can even go on living in my own house after this. And all for what? To gratify your miserable vanity?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Segrave; not for that reason. I beg you to believe that I am not proud of my conquest. Quite the contrary; for if you have acted like a scoundrel, as you certainly have, my conduct has not been above reproach; and if you lose your election, I have lost more. I have lost friends who will never come back to me, while you, I dare say, will find your way into the House of Commons one of these days. As for cruelty, you are hardly the right person to complain of that. I say nothing about Kitty Greenwood, who will live to thank you for deserting her, though probably she will never thank me for having saddled myself with a rather repulsive task in order to bring about her desertion; but you must have taken me for a curiously dense observer if you thought I did not understand what your treatment of your brother has been. You cheated him out of his estate; you allowed him to go off and work for his living, knowing perfectly well that he was no



more capable of taking care of himself than an infant; you did not care what became of him; you would have let him die of hunger—I believe he actually would have died of hunger if I had not bought this property from him in the nick of time. And then you have the face to accuse me of cruelty because I have managed to give you a taste—a very little taste—of the punishment that you deserve! After all, you are indebted to me; for you would have led a wretched life if you had been allowed to carry out your engagement; though I acknowledge that it was not for your sake that I put an end to it."

"Do you really mean that you wove this intricate and not very creditable plot out of sheer good-will to Miss Greenwood?"

She inclined her head again. "Why not?"

"The motive doesn't appear to me to be quite sufficiently powerful, that is all. I think there must have been another motive; I think I might even go so far as to form a guess at it."

She rose and stood looking at him scornfully. "I had no other motive," she said. "I do not in the least know what you are alluding to."

"No? And yet I thought that you revealed it pretty distinctly just now. I did not answer your accusations about Brian, it was hardly worth while. When a lady takes such an interest in any man as to put herself in very equivocal positions for the sake of avenging his supposed wrongs, it seldom is worth while to point out to her that she is talking nonsense about him. Well, Miss Huntley, I hope Brian will be grateful to you, but somehow or other I scarcely think that he will, or that he will particularly enjoy the spectacle of my disgrace. He has such old-fashioned notions of morality, you know."

It almost gave him back his self-complacency to see her color and flinch. "Good-bye, Miss Huntley," he said; "you have contrived to do a great deal of mischief and no earthly good, that I can discover, either to yourself or to anybody else. One piece of advice I will make so bold as to offer to you, and that is, that you should refrain from giving to any one else the explanation which you have just vouchsafed to me. Because I really do not think that in all England you will find a human being quite credulous enough to believe in it."

She made no answer, and he left her without another word.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## HOMESICKNESS.

IF Phipps had not been a very good-natured little man in the main, he might have been vexed to find how universally the success of "The King's Veto" was attributed to his partner. A large proportion of his large acquaintance begged to be introduced to Brian; indiscriminating persons congratulated him, not upon being the author of a piece which promised to be the greatest hit of recent years, but upon his insight in having associated himself with a hitherto unknown genius; the newspapers, after awarding him a line or two of approbation, went on to devote quite a generous share of their valuable space to pointing out that in Mr. Segrave had arisen a musical star which might very probably prove to be of the first magnitude.

"You're new, my dear fellow," the experienced Phipps remarked, "and the London public of the nineteenth century resembles the Athenian public of the first in some respects. They can't find words to express their admiration of you, you see, while they think they have done enough for your humble servant by saying that 'Mr. Phipps is as amusing as usual,' or something of that sort. As if it was easy to be as amusing as usual! Never mind, I'm not jealous, and I'll go shares with you in another opera as soon as you like."

This offer was made to Brian only a few days after the memorable evening which has been described; yet it was not the first offer of the kind which had reached him. From all quarters he received intimations that he might, if he pleased, render his career a lucrative one. His old friend, Mr. Berners, the musical publisher, called upon him to say that a brisk demand had already sprung up for those despised compositions which had so long lain unheeded on the shelves, and that if Mr. Segrave had any unconsidered trifle by him in the way of a ballad, suitable for voices of ordinary compass, he could engage to dispose of it upon profitable terms. "The ballad, sir, is not the highest expression of musical art; but some of the greatest composers, as you are aware, have not disdained it. And it pays. To many composers money is an object. I don't of course mean to say that it is so in your case, sir."

Brian, after a moment's hesitation, replied that money was more or less of an

object in his case, and that he would willingly occupy some of his leisure hours in the manner suggested. The truth was that he did not just then feel as if he cared very much about making money, but he was anxious for work, and hardly equal to work of an ambitious description. Work, so far as he could see, would have to be the one object and pleasure of his life. There was nothing else to look forward to, and nothing else that he could bear to think about. Of Beatrice he was determined to think no more; she was dead to him, and even worse than dead, since the very memory of past days must always be bitter to him now, instead of sweet. But it is scarcely necessary to add that he was quite powerless to carry out his determination, and that he thought of her every day, not to say every hour.

One morning he received a letter from Monckton, which he read with interest, but which contained no reference to Miss Huntley. In a hastily added postscript, however, he found some not unexpected news. "I have just heard," Monckton wrote, "that the engagement between your brother and Miss Greenwood has been broken off by her wish. I hardly know whether this will be as little of a surprise to you as it is to me; I can't say that, all things considered, it seems to me to be a matter for regret."

"He takes it pretty coolly," muttered Brian; "but I suppose he wouldn't say what he thinks about it to me anyhow."

For his own part, he did not find himself able to take this fulfilment of his forebodings as coolly as he could have wished. All through that day and the next he was restless and excited, eager to know the worst, wondering whether Beatrice would take formal possession of her captive at once or not, and possessed by a feverish and impotent longing to save her from her fate. "Was there nothing to be done?" he asked himself again and again, and could only answer that certainly there was nothing to be done by him. He might think as badly of her as he pleased, but he knew well enough that she could not have played the part that she had played without deep humiliation, and it was not to be supposed that she would go through such humiliation for nothing. No, she would take her own way; she would marry Gilbert, for better or for worse; the circumstances under which she had done so would soon be forgotten; the ancient glories of Beckett would be revived; its owner would become an important personage in the

county; the poor old Manor House would probably be sold and razed to the ground after all.

This last thought was singularly distasteful to Brian. He regretted with all his heart now that he had ever parted with the place. If only he could have waited a few months longer, there would have been no need for him to do so, nor would he have had to acknowledge that he, as well as Gilbert, had rendered all the sacrifices of his father's life vain. Turning these things over in his mind, he remembered all of a sudden that the step which he had taken was perhaps not irrevocable. He was in a fair way towards earning an income quite large enough for a bachelor's modest wants; the purchase money which he had received from Beatrice was still intact; it would not make much difference either to her or to Gilbert whether he or Mr. Buswell became the owner of a property which they no longer required. Nay, they would surely prefer having a non-resident neighbor at their gates to being brought within hail of half-a-dozen denizens of brand-new villas. At all events it could do no harm if he were to go down to Kingscliff and sound them upon the subject.

Now it is superfluous to assert — because everybody must be aware of it — that it is within the capacity of the most single-minded of men to take himself in, upon occasion, with the most transparent of self-deceptions; and when Brian began to make preparations for a flying visit to his native place he was fully persuaded that he had a simple and definite purpose in so doing. It did not strike him that it was somewhat premature to propose a transaction contingent in its nature upon circumstances which had not yet arisen; nor did he reflect that, in any case, the proposal in question could be made with more propriety and less awkwardness by his lawyers than by himself. He was quite sure that he did not want to see his brother, and equally sure that it would be most painful to him to meet Beatrice, should he be called upon to face that ordeal. However, he thought it would be pleasant to have a chat with Monckton; added to which, he fancied that it might relieve his weary heart and brain to escape for a day or two from the bricks and mortar of London, which he had always hated, and to look once more upon the quiet woods of Beckett, upon the old grey house and the red cliffs, and the open, rolling sea. In truth, he was suffering

from a sharp access of homesickness, which, like many other maladies, is apt to attack a man when he is down. If any incentives beyond these impelled him westward he was unconscious of them and to be sure they were vague enough to be ignored.

It was early on a cold and cheerless November morning that he started from Paddington, and as the train whirled him out from the smoke-clouds which hung over the city he was fain to admit that the country at that season of the year is not much better adapted to raise the spirits of a dejected mortal than St. James's Street. The trees were bare, or nearly so; there was a motionless leaden sky overhead; it had been raining for some days, and round about Slough and Windsor the meadows were under water. Nor was any improvement perceptible lower down the line. Swindon, Bath, and Bristol had the forlorn, dirty, dripping appearance which only English towns can assume. English landscapes can stand grey weather better than most — there is nothing even in Lincolnshire to compare for utter, hopeless melancholy to certain parts of France — but the stunted houses, the slate roofs, and the dull red bricks of our cities have, under some atmospheric conditions, a lugubriousness which causes the heart of the beholder to sink within him.

But towards midday, by which time the express had rushed past Taunton, signs of a change became perceptible. The level canopy of cloud seemed to have risen a little higher; here and there it had streaks of a pearly tint, and these, gradually spreading, opened out into rifts through which rays of pale sunlight found their way, and even a suggestion of blue sky could be detected. It seemed that the west country was about to show evidence in support of the claim often put forward on its behalf, but not very often substantiated, that it possesses a separate weather system. After Exeter there was no more question of rain or gloom. The sun was shining brightly upon the low hills; the broad estuary was covered with dancing, glittering wavelets; it was pleasant to let down the window and inhale the fresh breeze which swept in from the sea.

"'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back,"

muttered Brian to himself. Well, the home of his fathers was not likely to give him much of a welcome, but he was glad

to see the dear old country again, and glad that it should chance to smile upon him. He could not help being influenced in some degree by the weather — he could not help feeling as if he had awoke from some brooding night-mare, and as if, in spite of all, the world was not really the deplorable place that he had imagined it. He had a vision of Beatrice meeting him on the heights near the Manor House, looking at him with those clear eyes which surely could never belong to a traitress, and telling him that it was all a mistake — that she had only been putting his faith to the test, that she had never played Kitty Greenwood false, and that she had no more intention of marrying Gilbert than she had of marrying Stapleford.

But this, of course, was only a day-dream, and a sufficiently absurd one. He returned to actualities when he stepped out to join the short branch line to Kingscliff, which Sir Brian had been wont to abuse in old days, and now he began to dread a possible encounter with some acquaintance, and to wish that he had taken the afternoon express, so as to arrive under cover of darkness. It was a relief to him to find the familiar little platform tenanted only by porters and newsboys. He gave his portmanteau to one of the former, hurried out of the station to avoid meeting the station-master, and jumping into a closed fly told the man to drive to the Royal Hotel. He reached his destination without having been recognized by any of the passers-by; but there was no escaping the cordiality of the landlord and landlady, who were loud in their manifestations of joy, and did not fail to add thereto some expression of surprise that Mr. Brian, after his long absence, was not bound for Beckton.

"I shall only be here for a couple of nights," Brian explained, "and I have one or two things to do. It will be more convenient for me to be in the town for this short time."

To which they both replied, "To be sure it will, sir — yes, to be sure;" and looked as if they didn't believe a word of it.

However, they added that, since they were to have the honor of sheltering him under their poor roof, they would do their best to content him, and the large first-floor sitting-room was vacant — "same as Sir John Pollington and her ladyship had when they was here in the summer, sir, and was pleased to say as everything was most comfortable."

Brian had not the heart to grieve them

by replying that he had no need for a sitting-room. He knew that to them it would seem a truly lamentable thing that a Seagrave of Beckton should eat his meals in the coffee-room like a commercial traveller, and he did not wish them to pity him more than they could help. So he submitted to be installed in the state apartment, with its mahogany sideboards, its horsehair sofas, and its prints representing the queen's coronation, the funeral of the Duke of Wellington and other national events; and while he was eating his luncheon Mr. Petherick, the landlord, came in, ostensibly to ask whether he required anything, but in reality, of course, to find out what had brought him to Kingscliff.

Mr. Petherick walked to the window, drew up the blind, and observed that it was wonderful weather for the time of year. Also that a gentleman as had come down with his family for the winter, had passed the remark to him that a many people lost their lives every year by running off to Italy and such-like places, where they didn't get no 'ome comforts, when they might have just as fine a climate within five hours of London. "They tell me, sir," he added, "that we're to have the fullest season this winter as has ever been known. That is, as soon as we get done with these blessed elections, which don't do no good to nobody."

"But I suppose elections are good for trade," Brian remarked.

"Why, no, sir; not nowadays. The law is that stringent a man don't hardly dare to stand any one a glass of ale; and both sides is keeping a precious sharp lookout, as I understand. It'll be a close thing, a *very* close thing; and there's been a deal of feelin' got up of late, as I dare say you've heard, sir."

"I haven't heard much about it," answered Brian.

"Well, sir," resumed Mr. Petherick, advancing to the table and speaking in a more confidential tone, "I believe Admiral Greenwood he don't mean that it should influence him, and quite right, I say, though a Tory myself and making no secret of it, whether it costs me custom or whether it don't. When Mr. Giles come here, I says to him right out, 'My vote 'll be for the Tory candidate, sir,' I says; 'but I wish you was the Radical and the squire on our side, like his father before him.' Ah, well, Mr. Brian, times is changed."

"They have changed for the better in some respects, I should think," said Brian.

"There's a many as think so, sir, and there's more money in the place than what there was, that's certain; but I don't know but what folks are gettin' a bit above themselves with it all. There's Brooks the linen-draper can't be content to live above his shop no longer, but buys himself one of them new houses of Mr. Buswell's, and calls it Balmoral, if you please! 'Well, Mr. Brooks,' I says to him on Sunday last, 'I suppose we shall have to address your daughters as their Royal 'Ighnesses now.' I'm gettin' to be an old man, Mr. Brian, and I like the old times and the old ways best. I'd rather have seen you at the Manor House than that there young lady, though I don't deny as she's liberal to the poor. Maybe she won't be there long, though. They do say as the squire — but I didn't ought to repeat all this foolish talk. Should you be wanting a carriage to drive you up to Beckton this afternoon, sir?"

"No, thank you, I would rather walk," answered Brian. "And indeed it is time for me to start," he added, glancing at his watch and getting up.

The landlord had not got much out of him, but, on the other hand, he had got rather more than he wanted out of the landlord. It appeared, then, that Gilbert had not even thought it worth while to disguise his intentions, and that the probability of his shortly becoming affianced to the beautiful heiress was already discussed at the bars of public-houses. In small places like Kingscliff such things are always known and discussed; yet Brian hated to think that it was so — hated also the thought of meeting his brother. He began to see how much better it would have been to make his proposition by letter than by word of mouth; but it was too late to think of that now.

He walked briskly through the town, looking neither to right nor left, and reached the open country without having been accosted by anybody. When he had mounted some distance up the hillside, and felt tolerably safe from intrusion, he paused and looked back at the town, in the aspect of which one short year had indeed, as Mr. Petherick had declared, worked many changes. The works of Buswell were conspicuous everywhere, save in the fishermen's quarter, which presumably he had not yet dared to invade. From the point where Brian stood he could see stonemasons and bricklayers busy on the land to which his father had clung with such obstinate tenacity; the whole of it was marked out into lots; in

one place a huge wooden notice-board had been set up, bearing the inscription of "Site for New Assembly Rooms." Brian turned his back upon all this with a sigh, and climbed higher.

Presently he took an abrupt turn inland, because he did not wish to pass too close to Beatrice's door, but after he had reached a certain pine wood that he knew of he went his true course again until, on arriving at the outskirts of it, he could gaze down at the old red house which had been his for a short time, and which he hoped would be his again. It, too, was changed, and, for the matter of that, improved. The grounds round about it looked very trim and well cared for; new gates and fences had been erected; smoke was curling up from the chimneys, and every now and then the sound of stamping hoofs arose from the stable yard, where some invisible grooms were whistling and laughing over their work.

"I wonder whether I shall ever be rich enough to live in such a place," thought Brian. "I wonder whether I should like to live there if I were rich enough. Not now, nor for a long time to come at all events. Perhaps some day, when all this has become an old story, and I have grown accustomed to thinking of her as my sister-in-law, I shan't mind."

He walked on with his head bent, and his hands behind his back, mentally rehearsing what he should say to his brother. He was not going to say much, and there should be no quarrelling, he was determined of that. He had come to Beckton to obtain, if possible, the refusal of a property which might shortly be for sale; he had not come to offer useless comments upon anybody's conduct. "Gilbert will know what my opinion of him must be," he thought. "I don't suppose he cares, and I'm not going to try to make him care. What would be the good?"

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

##### MITCHELL PUTS HIS OAR IN.

GILBERT, as he walked away from the Manor House after saying his last word to Beatrice, was by no means a happy man. It was true that a sudden inspiration had enabled him by that last word to discomfit his assailant, and quit the field without too much appearance of having been routed; but he had been routed, all the same, and that by means of a stratagem which any one with his wits about him would have detected from the outset. For Miss Huntley had not played her part particularly

well. She had betrayed her true feelings again and again by sarcasms which ought to have put him upon his guard; she had never conveyed to him the impression that she was in love with him, and he might have known that she would be most unlikely to marry him for any other reason. It would have enraged him to think what a fool he had been, if at the moment he had felt capable of rage; but he was too thoroughly beaten for that. He had staked everything upon this event, and the event had not come off. It was probable that he would lose the election now; it was almost certain that he would lose the few friends whom his questionable conduct towards his brother and his political apostasy had left him in the neighborhood; in short, his scheme of life had failed, and he said to himself with the calmness of despair that there was nothing for it but to form a fresh one. This, however, was more easily said than done; and for the present he neither knew what was to become of him nor greatly cared. A sound drubbing, whether physical or moral, has just this advantage, that a man who has received it is seldom conscious of anything but a wish to retire into some quiet corner and rest. It is not until the next day that his bones begin to ache, and his spirit, if he has any, reasserts itself.

Gilbert plodded homewards, with the sea breaking far beneath him on his right hand, and the wind making a pleasant murmuring through the pine plantations on his left, and before him the expanse of rocky, heathery park land of which not even the most ruthless modern reformer could wish to deprive Beckton, seeing that it could never be made to do more than graze a scanty flock of sheep. On this sunny autumn afternoon it was serving the not altogether useless purpose of presenting charming outlines and stretches of varied colors to eyes appreciative of such things; but Gilbert's eyes, it must be owned, were not quick to discover the beauties of nature. What they did discover presently, with anything but gratification, was the figure of a tall, broad-shouldered man advancing from the direction of the house, and twirling his stick as he walked. "Bother the fellow!" muttered Gilbert to himself; "I thought we had seen the last of him. I suppose I can't give him the slip."

He certainly could not do that, for it was manifest that he had been already seen; so he summoned up an amiable smile, and as soon as the intruder was



within hail, called out: "Hullo, Mitchell! Glad to see you back in these parts. What has brought you from the other end of the kingdom?"

Mitchell's response was a very discourteous one. He strode up to Gilbert until he almost touched him, and then ejaculated, "You infernal scoundrel!"

Gilbert fell back a step, looking notes of interrogation.

"You want to know what I am here for, do you?" Mitchell went on grimly. "Well, I have much pleasure in telling you that I am here to settle accounts with you, my fine fellow. I suppose you thought it was a very safe thing to insult and desert a girl who had nobody at hand to protect her except an old man; but you see, you made a little mistake, for once in your life. I carried this ash-plant—and a good stout one it is too—up to your house this afternoon with the intention of laying it over your shoulders, and that's what I am going to do this moment, with your permission."

Now this is not at all the right way to set about assaulting a man who retains the use of his limbs; and Mitchell, if determined to inflict condign punishment upon one who well deserved it, should have gone to work forthwith, instead of opening the attack by a volley of injurious epithets, like a hero of epic poetry. Gilbert, though not endowed with much bone or muscle, was as active as a cat, and had no notion of allowing himself to be thrashed if he could help it. He sprang upon Mitchell before the latter had finished speaking, gripped him by the wrist, wrenched his stick out of his hand, and sent it flying a dozen yards away. Then, without waiting to be shaken off, he relaxed his hold and leaped back.

"What a fool you are, Mitchell!" he exclaimed. "You don't know what you are talking about. I'll tell you the rights of the matter, if you like, though I really don't know why I should; for it is no business of yours."

"Pray don't trouble," returned Mitchell. "I know quite as much as I want to know, and you needn't think that I shall let you off. Now then, look out for yourself!"

The advice was hardly given quite soon enough to be acted upon; for simultaneously with its utterance Mitchell's left arm shot out straight from the shoulder, and down went Gilbert upon the flat of his back, with the soles of his boots turned up to the sky.

It takes a few moments for a man who

has been knocked down to regain possession of his senses and resume an upright attitude, in order to be knocked down a second time or to return the compliment; and during those few moments some one who, from the edge of the wood above, had been an amazed spectator of what had taken place, and who happened to be a swift runner, was able to reach the spot and confront the aggressor.

"Mitchell, you great idiot!" he panted, "what are you about? What's all this?"

"Tell you presently," answered Mitchell. "Get out of the way. I haven't half done yet."

Meanwhile Gilbert, who had ceased to see stars and had got upon his feet once more, had recognized his brother without any feelings of pleasure or gratitude. To do him justice he was not a physical coward, and indeed there can be few human beings who would tamely accept such an affront as he had just sustained.

"Stand aside and mind your own business, Brian," he said curtly; "I don't want your help."

"You'll have it, though, whether you want it or not," returned Brian tranquilly. "This isn't a fair fight, and I shan't let it go on."

"Who said it was a fight?" called out Mitchell. "I'm giving a licking to a blackguard who would have every bone in his skin broken if he got his deserts, and I'm not going to let him escape because he's your brother. That's your misfortune, and I can't help it."

"All right, old chap," said Brian; "you'll have to lick the pair of us then, that's all. Come on!"

But it was obviously out of the question to accept this invitation. Gilbert would doubtless decline to take part in a joint attack, and with Brian Mitchell had no quarrel. Moreover, though this was a minor matter, it was probable that the licking of Brian might prove a task of some difficulty. The instrument of Nemesis had to descend to entreaty.

"Do get out of the light," he whispered. "Just for three minutes; only for three little minutes! I'll promise to drop my hands the moment time's up."

Brian, by way of reply, linked his arm firmly within Mitchell's and drew him away. There were loud expostulations both from Mitchell and from Gilbert; but affrays which have been interrupted by a parley are very seldom resumed, and the upshot of it was that Brian led Mitchell off towards Kingscliff, while Gilbert remained standing where he was.

"Blessed are the peacemakers," but it is scarcely by thwarted belligerents that they can expect benedictions to be invoked upon their heads.

"Hang it all, Brian! I don't see what you wanted to put your oar in for," grumbled Mitchell, while he was being removed in safe custody. "Of course he's your brother; but after all I shouldn't have killed him, and I think you'll allow that if ever a man has earned a hiding he has."

"I don't know about that; but everybody has a right to fair play, and it stands to reason that Gilbert couldn't have a chance against you," returned Brian. "You should hit a man of your own size. If I had been in his shoes it would have been another matter."

"I wish with all my heart that you had been—or rather, I wish he were as big as you. But really it isn't my fault that rascals are sometimes lightly built. I should have gone for him just the same if he had been Goliath of Gath, and if he is no match for me I'm not to blame for that. I'm thankful to say that I didn't make him."

Brian made no rejoinder; he was not concerned to defend the rights of rascality in the abstract, or to set a premium upon low stature. But after he had conducted his companion to what seemed to be a safe distance from the scene of hostilities he remarked, "I think, as soon as you are a little bit cooler, Mitchell, you will be glad that I interrupted you when I did. You may even be rather sorry that I didn't come up a minute earlier."

"That I most certainly shall not," Mitchell declared. "I did give him one for himself, thank goodness! I don't think he'll care about showing his face to the electors for the next week."

"My dear Mitchell, it's all very fine to talk like that, but, as you said to me just now, I don't see what you wanted to put your oar in for. I suppose I can guess what your quarrel with Gilbert was, and now that we are alone, I don't mind admitting to you that I think he has behaved badly——"

"Badly! He has behaved like the consummate villain that he is! To throw over a girl who believed in him implicitly, and who has no natural protector to stand up for her, because the admiral's fighting days are over, and——"

"Yes, I know; but the question is whether you are the proper person to put yourself forward as her champion. You know, Mitchell, ladies sometimes think

that kind of thing a little bit officious. I hope Miss Greenwood will never hear of this, but if she ever does, you may depend upon it that she won't thank you. You forget, or perhaps you haven't heard, that, as a matter of fact, it was she who threw Gilbert over."

"Oh, I know that well enough," answered Mitchell; "that's just the most disgraceful part of the whole business. Of course she gave him his liberty when he let her see that he wanted to get rid of her; and the first thing that he did was to go down to the club with a long face and announce that she had broken off the engagement. I heard all about it from old Johnson. When I went away he promised to drop me a line from time to time and let me know how things were going on here; and the other day I had a letter from him telling me this pretty story. Well, Brian, you know how it used to be with me in the old days; everybody knew; I dare say most people know that I proposed to her in the summer and that she refused me. That was all right; I didn't expect anything else; and she was as kind as she could be about it. I stayed on here until I couldn't stand it any longer, because I thought I might have a chance of being of use to her in some way or other. I give you my word, sir, that for her sake I would have served that brother of yours to the best of my power, and I really did work pretty hard at electioneering for him. Well, do you know, Miss Huntley once prophesied to me that he would break her heart some day, and I said that if ever he did I would break his head. Now just put yourself in my place for a moment, if you can. Wasn't it natural that, when I got Johnson's letter, I should take the first train south and try to keep my word?"

"I dare say it was natural," said Brian; "but what good could it do?"

"Somebody must do these things," answered Mitchell decisively; "a fellow like that isn't to be allowed to have everything his own way. As it is, he has got off, thanks to you, with a little bit of a bump between his eyes, which I hope will turn yellow and black, but which won't trouble him long. Barring that slight inconvenience, he has triumphed all along the line. They tell me that he has been as good as accepted by Miss Huntley—a woman whom I must say that I don't understand—and I suppose he will live happily to the end of his days."

"Is it a fact that Miss Huntley has accepted him?" asked Brian carelessly.

"I believe so. I see now why she was always so anxious to encourage me, and kept on hinting mysteriously that your brother would not marry Miss Greenwood. Women haven't much sense of honor, it seems to me."

"Except one, I suppose."

"There are exceptions to every rule," replied Mitchel' gravely. "Well, I wish Miss Huntley joy of him, I'm sure. No accounting for tastes, is there?"

"Do you mean to call upon the Greenwoods, now that you are here?" asked Brian, to change the subject.

Mitchell tilted his hat over his eyes and rubbed the back of his head doubtfully. "I hardly know," he answered. "I should like — but perhaps it would be better not, eh? What do you think?"

"If you ask me," said Brian, "I should advise you not to go near them. You would have to give some explanation of your being in Kingscliff, and you aren't quite as clever at deceiving your neighbors as — as Miss Huntley seems to be. In my opinion the best thing you can do is to go back to Berwick-on-Tweed without any loss of time."

"Oh, but that's impossible, you know. One can't hit a man in the face and then run away."

"Gilbert will know where to find you, if he wants you; but the thing mustn't go any farther. You ought really to make him an apology; for everybody would tell you that you were entirely in the wrong. You may think this or that about him, but all you know for certain is that he is not going to marry Miss Greenwood because she won't marry him. You would have no right to knock a man down for that, even if you had the right — which you have not — to make yourself Miss Greenwood's champion."

"If ever I apologize to him, I'll eat my hat!" Mitchell declared with much emphasis.

Brian did not insist upon the point, perceiving that it would be a pure waste of breath to do so; but after some further discussion, he prevailed upon his pugnacious friend to go away by the night mail. Mitchell could not but admit that a public scandal, though it might be unpleasant for Gilbert, would be scarcely less so for Kitty; moreover, he was secretly alarmed lest — as he was assured would be the case — she should resent his intermeddling with what did not concern him.

"But mind," was his last injunction to Brian, who accompanied him to the station to make sure of his departure, "if

your brother would like to meet me quietly anywhere but here, he has only to say so and I shall be very much at his service with any weapon he chooses to name, from rifles down to walking-sticks."

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From The Contemporary Review.  
THE STORY OF ZEBEHR PASHA,  
AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

### III.

It was during this period of prosperity, shortly after the treaty had been made with the Rezigats, that the history of Mandugba began to connect itself with the recorded history of Egyptian affairs.

A man named Balali, whose previous career of treachery and selfishness in Darfour is too long to enter into here, presented himself at Khartoum and prevailed upon the governor, Dafir Pasha, to give him a small force of Egyptian troops for the purpose of making good a claim which he asserted himself to possess against the sultan of Darfour. Contrary reports which arrived from Darfour shortly after the soldiers had been granted aroused distrust in the mind of the governor, and it was thought well to impose some check upon Balali. He had declared his intention of entering Darfour from the south by the Bahr-el-Ghazal. Zebehr's name was at this time known as representing one of the most fully organized forces of civilization in the half-explored southern country. Dafir Pasha sent for him, communicated to him all the intelligence which he himself possessed, and gave him a commission to accompany Balali. His instructions were to give Balali every assistance, but to watch and report upon his actions to the government. Balali's expedition had a month's start of Zebehr, and Zebehr came up to it at Meshrael Rek (about 9° lat., 29° long.). This is a ten days' journey from Ali Imouri's station, and from Ali Imouri to Mandugba is ten days more.\* Upon reaching Balali, Zebehr told him of his commission from the government to assist him, and begged to know his plan of campaign. Balali informed him that his intention was to march by way of Mandugba, and it was agreed that it was better for Zebehr to go forward and prepare for the reception of the troops. He accordingly left the expe-

\* A common mistake appears to be in supposing that these merchant stations of the Bahr-el-Ghazal constituted Zebehr's country. His territory was to the west of this.

dition and hurried to Mandugba, where he prepared quarters for Balali's army outside the town. In the mean time Kurshook Ali, commander of the Egyptian troops, who distrusted Balali, quarrelled with him, and was, as a consequence, poisoned by Balali on the road. Zebehr was told of the circumstance by friends of the murdered general as soon as the troops arrived at Mandugba, and was warned to be on his guard lest the same fate might overtake him.

Balali remained with him for a year, during which time Zebehr maintained him and his army, expending altogether on that account £7,500. The troops were very much discontented with their position, and caused no little trouble to Zebehr. The situation altogether was one which could not last, and at the end of the year Zebehr entered into explanations with Balali, reminding him that the object of his expedition was supposed to be Darfour, and putting before him that he had now been at Mandugba a year, and that the expense of maintaining such a force was a heavy strain upon hospitality.

To this Balali replied that it was true that he meant to attack Darfour, but that he had a commission from the government to conquer the provinces of the White Nile first.

"Dafir Pasha gave you a commission to conquer the White Nile?"

"Yes."

"If this is true, show me your papers."

Balali angrily denied the right of Zebehr to interfere. Zebehr could not extract any definite statement of his intentions. He was obliged to content himself with reporting the whole interview to Khartoum, adding his opinion that Balali was altogether untrustworthy, and praying the government to take preventive measures as soon as possible.

Balali sent for mercenary troops from Darfour, where the warlike tribes hire themselves out to whoever wants them. He obtained them to the number of about two thousand, and began to spread the report that he was the Mahdi. Zebehr now kept spies in Balali's camp, and by this means he became aware that Balali had formed a scheme for taking the merchant stations of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, after which he intended to declare himself openly to be the Mahdi, and, if people rallied to him as he expected, to attack Mandugba, drive out Zebehr, and reign in his place.

Possessed of this information, he went

to him and reproached him with his intended treachery, but Balali assured him that, so far as regarded himself, there was not a word of truth in it. "It is true," he said, "that I have a secret agreement with the government of Khartoum which gives me permission to conquer the stations of Bahr-el-Ghazal and to govern them. But you will be my friend. We will govern side by side. You have entertained me now for a year. You have been as my own right arm. How could I repay this by treachery?" Zebehr still feared to be poisoned as Kurshook Ali had been, and he took many precautions against it. When further information reached him that Balali had not abandoned his projects, he had another interview. Balali's protestations were more vehement than before. "You are my brother and my right hand," he said; "how can I war with you?" This was their last interview before Balali set out on his expedition through the Bahr-el-Ghazal. The merchant stations were quite unable to withstand him. They submitted without fighting, and he took possession of the following stations, all lying to the east of Mandugba: Moushra-Abekir, Agugu, Arbaba-Zebehr, Ali Imouri, Ali Birsaily, Kurshook Ali, Kharatas, Ashereef, Abd-el-Sammatt, Idris Abtar. He took everything that he found in the stations, giving the women to be outraged by his soldiers, and possessing himself of the wealth of the merchants. He put the merchants themselves in irons, bringing them like slaves towards Mandugba. At the same time he proclaimed himself to be the Mahdi, and, as he had expected, many flocked to his standard. At Idris Abtar, which was the nearest station to Zebehr, he would have hung Idris Abtar himself, but his advisers warned him that to do so would alarm Zebehr, who would be prepared to resist him in Mandugba. He answered that he would take Zebehr by cunning, and kill him too; and he sent to beg Zebehr to meet him. Zebehr, being informed of all that happened, returned a messenger to ask what he wanted, and Balali threw off the mask. Declaring himself to be master of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, he summoned Zebehr to submit or fight. Zebehr's reply to the summons was: "Have you authority from the government to take this place from me? If you have, tell me. If you have not, tell me also, that I may decide what I shall do."

To this Balali made no answer, but by means of spies Zebehr knew that his in-

tention was to advance upon Mandugba. Zebehr was well aware that to have retreated at this time before Balali would have been to destroy his prestige forever, and to have given up his kingdom to ruin. He had sent reports to Khartoum of what Balali was doing, but had received no answer, and in the absence of instructions from headquarters, he was bound to take the responsibility of action upon himself. He accordingly prepared for war.

But his soldiers were distributed through all the towns of his dominions. The troops which he could at that time mobilize in Mandugba were outnumbered by Balali's forces in a proportion of something like ten to one. Zebehr's men were, however, well armed and fairly disciplined; Balali's army was a mere rabble. The encampment which had been assigned to Balali was to the south of Mandugba. A small stream flowed to the east of both places; and east again of the stream the road by which Mandugba was approached from the Bahr-el-Ghazal split into two branches, one leading north to Mandugba, one south to Balali's encampment. The pasha drew a plan of the position.

When Balali was seen to be approaching, Zebehr drew up his men in three blocks outside the city, determining to wait and see whether Balali would go peacefully to his own encampment, or whether he meant to attack. At the branching of the roads there was no longer any doubt. Balali marched at once upon Mandugba, breaking up his army with the intention to surround the town. Zebehr's men were eager to begin, but he restrained them, allowing Balali to weaken his force by dispersion, till Balali himself rode out from amongst his men, and began the battle by firing at Zebehr, who was on horseback with the centre of the force. He wounded Zebehr in the lower part of the leg, and was answered by a volley from Zebehr's troops. Firing continued for a few minutes very hotly, people in the station being wounded, as well as soldiers; then guns were flung away, and the battle was finished in a hand-to-hand contest. "As for me," the pasha said, "I said in my heart, 'I have no quarrel with these troops. I will kill none but Balali.' Every one was mixed together, but I sought him out. His brother threw himself between us; I killed his brother. Another brother came between us, and I killed him. Then Balali ran away, but I galloped after him and killed him. My enemies have accused me that I killed Balali without a cause.

Now you know the cause; say, did not that traitor deserve his death?"\*

The battle had lasted one hour. The death of Balali brought it to an end. Without a leader the blacks at once submitted. Zebehr freed the merchants whom he found in Balali's train, and collecting all their goods, he begged each man to point out his own. He then restored everything with the exception of arms and ammunition, which he considered to be a fair compensation for the service he had rendered, and the merchants and natives returned to their homes. All that belonged to the government in Balali's equipment was collected and put on one side, and a full report of the occurrence was sent to Khartoum. Zebehr expressed his willingness, at the same time, either to go up to Khartoum to answer for the action he had taken, or to await a commission of inquiry at Mandugba, as the government might direct. In reply, Dafir Pasha sent down Ali Bey, a Syrian, and twelve minor men, with a commission to inquire into all the circumstances and to report to the government. Zebehr laid everything open to their inspection at Mandugba, and Ali Bey reported to the government in Zebehr's favor. The terms of the report stated Balali to have been evidently a dangerous and dishonest man, and a strong opinion was expressed that if Zebehr had acted differently the whole country would have been in disorder. In consequence of this report the government offered its thanks to Zebehr, and desired him to send in an account of all that he had spent on account of Balali's troops. By this time the expenses had mounted to £10,000. The government did not dispute the amount, but desired him to name an agent in Khartoum to whom the money should be paid. He was appointed governor of the province of the White Nile, and Balali's soldiers and arms were transferred to his command. The Balali incident took place in 1871.† A few months of tranquillity followed, and then troubles began to arise in the north.

New tribes of Bedouins had been coming in upon those with whom Zebehr had made the treaty of 1868, and internal quarrels were taking place, in which, amongst other things, the new-comers reproached

\* My pale narrative does little justice to the vigor and animation with which the pasha told this story. The disgust at Balali's early treachery, the scorn of his later protestations, the bitter laugh at his cowardice when he ran away in battle, the candid satisfaction in his death, were not hidden by the interpreter's broken English; but on pain of falling into invention I must keep to the mere words I received.

† After Schweinfurth left.



the older tribes with the compact by which they were bound. The older Bedouin tribes had settled down into comparatively peaceful habits of life, doing a very valuable trade in cattle and dairy produce with Mandugba. They received a constantly increasing subsidy from Zebehr for the right of way guaranteed through their country; they had shown themselves satisfied with their treaty, and they had kept it faithfully. Whether the sight of the numerous caravans which passed proved at last too much for their predatory instincts, or whether, in consequence of the infusion of wild races, the party of violence was suddenly strengthened in their councils, the result of their quarrels was that about the beginning of the year 1872, after four years of absolute peace, a big caravan was attacked and plundered. Many of the men accompanying it were killed, the remainder fled to Zebehr. He sent an embassy to the Bedouins to remonstrate, saying: "You remember our treaty. I have not failed in my part of it, and you have had your benefit. Since the treaty was made you have had money every year and you have traded with Mandugba. We have been at peace and you have been richer. Why, then, do you now break the treaty and kill and rob the people who are coming to me?" But they banded together and replied that they were tired of the treaty. The money they received in subsidies was less, they said, than they could get by attacking the caravans. They preferred to return to their old habits, which were more worthy of a warlike nation than to trade in butter, and they declared that they would be no more at peace with him. He reminded them of their oath. They replied that many rains had washed that away. Still, after much negotiation, they agreed to renew the treaty, on condition that their present offence should be wiped out. Shortly afterwards they again attacked a caravan. When Zebehr again remonstrated they sent as their spokesman one of their chiefs named Braima. This Braima was a very intelligent man. He saw, as Zebehr pointed out, that it was to the advantage of the Bedouins as well as of every one else to keep the road open according to treaty. He promised to try to bring the Arabs to a fresh agreement, and in order to test his power Zebehr sent six hundred pieces of ivory of his own to be passed through. Braima, returning with the ivory, called a council of Arabs. But they refused to agree to his proposals. "Why," they asked, "should we do as this man

desires? He pays us a small sum; if we rob the caravans we get all." Braima pointed out that when the road was no longer safe caravans would no longer pass that way, and that in grasping at more they would lose the subsidy which Zebehr paid. He pointed out also that they had a market themselves at Mandugba for their milk and butter and cattle; that the advantages were all on the side of peace. They were as unmanageable as other audiences who have made up their minds for an aggressive policy. They replied, "No; this man is too strong. After a time he will come against us and conquer us as he conquered the Bongos and the Nyam-Nyams. It is better that we should fight him now." Braima continued to speak in favor of the treaty till they silenced him, saying: "If you are Zebehr's friend, go and live with him; but if you are a Bedouin, speak as a Bedouin, and act as we act." They took Zebehr's ivory and wrote him a sealed letter: "Do not think that we will make a treaty with you again. If you are strong enough come out and fight us." Zebehr wrote back to them that peace was better than war; that, for his part, he did not wish to fight, but to trade. He reminded them that he, too, was an Arab, and again proposed a treaty with them. They replied that if he was the strong man people called him, he was to come out and fight; if not, that they would go and attack him, and destroy his city out of the world. Then he gathered his army and went out. Before starting he appointed as his responsible agent in Mandugba the Idris Abtar whom he had lately freed from the power of Balali. He was an old man. Zebehr believed him trustworthy; but he proved to be one of those who are not to be trusted alone. "A good man," the pasha said, "can be left to act by himself; one who only seems good shows his nature when he is left to himself."

The enemy came four days' march to meet Zebehr. They numbered about fifteen thousand, of which the greater portion was cavalry. Zebehr's army numbered forty-five hundred, chiefly on foot, but well armed. They met at four o'clock in the afternoon. Zebehr had trained his men to shoot lying on the ground, and when the enemy's cavalry advanced to the charge, they fell on their faces and fired. By this manoeuvre, with which the Bedouins were unacquainted, the enemy lost an enormous number of cavalry. After half an hour's fighting they were repulsed, but rallied and attacked again. They were

repulsed again, but again they rallied, and at nightfall Zebehr was surrounded. The enemy enclosed him on all sides in a long oval. In the night he and two of his chief officers took off their clothes and went naked and silent round the enemy's lines till they knew which was the weakest position. Then they roused their army, and before dawn they attacked. The enemy was completely taken by surprise, and fled, leaving Zebehr master of the position, with six hundred horses and other spoils. He began to form a cavalry corps. After this followed seven months of fighting, at the end of which Zebehr was master of Shekka. Three-fourths of the Bedouins submitted to him. The other fourth fled to the sultan of Darfour, and offered themselves to him, entreating him to espouse their cause, and to attack Zebehr. Zebehr in the mean time fortified himself in Shekka, and wrote to offer his conquest to the government at Khartoum. The governor was no longer Dafir Pasha but Ismail.\* Zebehr begged him to take over the new country for the khedive. For his own part, he said that he was a merchant, that he had much to attend to in his own country, and that he preferred to confine himself to his business. "I am," he said, "a subject of the Egyptian government. I was obliged to fight these people, but I have no wish to take the country for myself. Send down a governor. I have too much to do to govern the country, but I will do all that I can to help anybody else. Only attend to this matter at once. It is most important that there should be no delay." At that time the pasha said this letter candidly expressed his views. His business at Mandugba had become very extensive. It was flourishing, it filled his hands, and he had no thought of becoming anything but the merchant governor of that province. Upon the receipt of Zebehr's letter Ismail Yacoub referred the matter to Cairo. From Cairo the answer came that Zebehr was the only man competent to govern those wild countries, that their possession would embroil the government in perpetual little wars, and that the best course was to let Zebehr pay tribute for them, and remain otherwise independent, fixing his own taxes and governing as he pleased. Ismail Yacoub fixed the tribute at £15,000 a year. Zebehr accepted the proposal, and a formal agreement was entered into.

In the mean time the sultan of Darfour,

\* Ismail Yacoub, known to us by his subsequent opposition to Gordon's plans of reform.

listening to the representations of those Bedouins who had fled to him before Zebehr, had made up his mind to fight the new conqueror. He protested against the compact between Zebehr and the Egyptian government, claiming Shekka as part of his territory, and denying the right of the Egyptian government to dispose of it. He summoned Zebehr to evacuate it. Zebehr replied: "This country has been subject to you for thirty-six years. During the whole of that time slave-hunting has continued here, and the roads remain unsafe. You have not the power to keep order. No one can but I. Several times before me you have tried and failed. Now you want me to leave it, but I will not. I am determined to assure the safety of these roads." The reply of the sultan was to declare war, but letters still passed between them. In all there were eight letters upon this subject.\* Zebehr endeavored to reason with him, and offered to submit the question to a council of wise men, promising on his part, if free discussion were allowed, to accept the arbitration of the council. The sultan's final answer was: "I am a king and you are nothing. I will not reason with you;" and he commenced operations of war.

The army which he sent against Zebehr was supposed to number forty thousand, including nine thousand cavalry and twenty-three cannon. It was under the command of a man named Shakta, one of the wisest councillors of the sultan. Zebehr's army now numbered nearly nine thousand, including some cavalry but no artillery.

\* These letters and all documents to which the pasha referred in the course of his narrative existed at the time of his arrest by the English. They passed out of his possession at that time. Since my return to England copies of them have been placed in my hands, and an Arabic correspondent has kindly summarized the contents for me as follows: "The first despatch is addressed by Zebehr to Ibrahim, sultan of Darfour, asking him to send a contingent to Bahr-el-Ghazal to join Zebehr's soldiers in fighting the brigands and marauders who close the roads. In the second, Zebehr warns Sultan Ibrahim to guard himself against the insidious insinuations of Alian Hamed and Manzel, the two leaders of the brigands, who, after being defeated by Zebehr's troops, escaped and took refuge with their chiefs in Sultan Ibrahim's dominions. In the third, Zebehr complains of Sultan Ibrahim for having taken the part of the marauders, and made up to fight against Zebehr, contrary to the laws of the Prophet. In the fourth despatch Zebehr informs Sultan Ibrahim of his triumph, and of the defeat of the contingent sent by Ibrahim to fight against the khedive's troops, and makes him responsible to God for all the bloodshed. The fifth despatch was addressed by Zebehr to the learned scholars and erudite doctors, and sheiks, dignitaries, nobles, and notables of Darfour. In this despatch Zebehr denounces Sultan Ibrahim, and throws all the blame of the calamitous war upon him. The other three despatches are addressed by Zebehr to different chiefs and notables, and to Sultan Ibrahim; and all of them bear on the same subject of opening the roads and securing them for the safety of wayfarers."

Upon hearing of the advance of the army of Darfour, Zebehr marched out with five thousand men. It was in the month of July, 1873, that the armies met at a place twenty-four hours' march north-west of Shekka. They fought, and Zebehr was beaten, losing four hundred killed besides wounded. He fell back towards Shekka, but within six hours of the station he was overtaken and attacked by the enemy's cavalry. Fighting continued from three o'clock in the afternoon till nightfall, when, with great difficulty, he succeeded in making his way back to the fortified town. In the night Shekka was attacked by cavalry. In the morning the whole host of the enemy was drawn up before it. But Zebehr's position had improved. His troops were refreshed with food, his numbers were nearly doubled, and he was ready for the fight. The battle began at twelve o'clock. By a quarter to one victory had already declared itself for him. Shakta had fallen. A little later and the rout of the enemy was complete. They fled, leaving the whole of their artillery on the field. Besides the twenty-three guns, Zebehr captured on this occasion twenty-seven camel loads of ammunition, two thousand breastplates, and three hundred steel shields, together with a great quantity of horses, small arms, and the larger part of the camp furniture. The cannon were of a very curious kind. Even in Darfour they were considered to be old-fashioned, having descended from ancestors of the sultan, and they bore date of manufacture of four hundred and eighty years ago.\* Twenty-one were made of pure copper, and two of iron. The bores were about three feet long, with a diameter of six inches in the larger guns, and four in the smaller. The heavy guns were mounted upon wooden wheels, and the lighter were carried upon camels. All were breech-loaders, having an opening on one side, which the pasha illustrated by holding his snuff-box on one side and opening the cover downwards. The bullets used were solid round shot of copper. The small arms of the Darfour troops were old Turkish flint-locks, and the powder made in Darfour was very bad. The three hundred steel shields had been newly made for the purpose of resisting Zebehr's bullets, but though they were perfectly efficacious against the bullets thrown by the flint-locks of the Darfour

army, they were easily penetrable by the French rifles, with which Zebehr's men were armed. Besides the better guns, Zebehr had good powder from Cairo, and he had on his side another terrible arm more dreaded by the men of Darfour than any rifles—the teeth of his soldiers. All who fell in battle were eaten.

The gain of this first victory was enormous, both in prestige and material. The pasha supplied his army from the enemy's stores, and mounted his cavalry upon their horses. When a second army was sent against him, under the command of a chief named Abouna, he was able to advance with confidence to meet it at Kalaka. A battle began at eight o'clock in the morning, and, after hard fighting, Zebehr was again victorious. Abouna was killed and seven of his sons taken alive, besides a great quantity of spoil and ammunition. Zebehr, however, fell back again upon Shekka, taking his prisoners with him. Twenty days later he was attacked by a third army, commanded by a chief called Noor, who was defeated and fled. After this third battle, the Bedouins who had given their allegiance to the sultan of Darfour, left him and transferred their services to Zebehr, thereby increasing his cavalry considerably. At this time also the government at Khartoum sent him a troop of three hundred and fifty soldiers. These soldiers were frightened by the enormous numbers of the Darfour armies, and reports reached Zebehr that they meant to desert. He sent for them and asked them, saying: "I am not dead yet. Why are you going to the sultan?" They denied it, and by degrees the greater number learned to have confidence in his success. Sixty-one of them, however, did desert.

His army now numbered twelve thousand infantry and ten thousand horse, and he felt himself strong enough to advance upon Dara. He took that town and fortified it strongly, digging all round it a ditch which was twelve feet deep and twelve feet wide. Here he sustained a siege which lasted for four months and thirteen days. At the end of that time the sultan of Darfour came in person with fresh troops, and there was a great battle, in which Zebehr was completely victorious, and Sultan Hussein lost his life. Zebehr then sent embassies to Fascher, saying: "Come and submit to me. My soldiers are wild with victory. It is better that I should not advance to you; send out to me and save your city and your

\* This takes us back to within sixty years of the battle of Salado, in which, if I remember rightly, gunpowder is first mentioned as being used in Europe.

children, and those yet unborn." They listened to him and submitted themselves, and he became master of Darfour.

At this point in the story the pasha paused and said: "Now all that I had done I did by my own energy and with my own resources. I never received a penny from the government, yet I had worked for the government, I had risked my life again and again, I had given my brain, I had spent my money. If an Englishman, or any other European, had done for his country what I had done for mine he would have been rewarded. For me the only reward was that the government became jealous of my power." Conqueror of Darfour and Shekka, ruler of Mandugba, commander-in-chief of an army of twenty thousand men, and possessed of a very large private income, Zebehr was indeed a power to be considered. He offered Darfour, as he had offered Shekka, to the Egyptian government, who accepted it, and wrote to Ismail Yacoub, governor of Khartoum, desiring him to take over the province. Ismail Yacoub was in Kordofan, at a place called Fodja, where he had been waiting to see how the war went. "Not giving any help," said Zebehr with a queer smile, "but waiting to see whether I should be killed or conquer." He was afraid to obey the orders of the khedive and go down to Zebehr, because his friends had persuaded him that Zebehr would be incensed that the Egyptian government should make Darfour subject to Khartoum, and that he would vent his anger on the person of the governor. In the mean time Zebehr had received private information of the feeling of fear which his rapid conquests had excited in Cairo. He had been told that the khedive dreaded to see him establish an independent empire on the borders of Egypt. As he did not contemplate this, and did not wish, for the sake of his family established near Khartoum, to embroil himself in any way with the government, he acquiesced at once in the orders received, sent for Ismail Yacoub, offering him a safe-conduct, together with all the assistance that it was in his power to give, and early in 1875 resigned the government of Darfour into his hands.

Darfour was at this time a country out of which a great deal might have been made. It is naturally rich — not possessing the extreme fertility of Nyam-Nyam, which is of all the countries the pasha has known by far the richest — but having many resources which are still in great measure unused. It is a magnificent corn-

producing country. All sorts of European corn are grown there and yield fine crops, and the pasha named besides these eleven sorts of grain of which the interpreter could only tell me the Arabic names. Wheat ears habitually reach a length of six and seven inches. Indian corn stands higher than a man's head. Cotton and indigo are also among the commonly cultivated and profitable crops. I was shown cotton sheeting grown, spun, and woven in Darfour, of which, although the manufacture did not come near the English in evenness or closeness of thread, the material appeared to be excellent. Some portions of the country are finely wooded. The most striking among the trees of which the pasha made mention are the hümmel trees, spoken of, I believe, by travellers as a kind of fig. They grow to a great size and height, measuring sometimes about twelve and fourteen feet in diameter, and are used by the natives as cisterns. If properly done the trunk can be hollowed without in any way injuring the tree. In the rainy season they are filled by hand, and the dense foliage keeps the water cool all through the summer. Along the caravan roads they are a source of riches to the natives, who fill them industriously in the season of the rains, and afterwards sell the water to the caravans. The asilik is another fine tree with an edible fruit, which grows abundantly round Fascher. The summut, of which the bark is used for tanning, is plentiful. The higleege was also named amongst the big trees. There is generally a great deal of fine and useful timber in the wooded districts. Other portions of the country appear to resemble American prairie land. The pasha described them as wide tracts of grass where the cattle range in herds, which are sometimes to be counted by thousands. The owners of the cattle treat it in very much the same manner as the Western ranchers treat theirs, taking no other care of it than to count the herds once a year. The regular rains cause the grass to grow without cultivation. The cattle-owners, however, make hay and store it for winter consumption. Horses, cows, and camels, constitute the principal herds. In some of the pasture lands there is a very considerable trade in dairy produce.

The soil of Darfour is rich, and the water supply is in some parts of the country very good, the land being irrigated by rain and not depending on the overflow of the rivers. The rivers are not known, and are therefore, of course, unmarked

upon European maps. When the Nile is full it is possible to go from Khartoum to Fascher by water. There is a branch of the Bahr-el-Arab flowing north by Kalaka, which Zebehr navigated when he was lost upon the rivers in 1862, and by which Fascher can be reached. There have been many explorers of the Soudan, but except in so far as they have special scientific knowledge which enables them, in the pasha's words, to see more than he could see, the pasha believes himself to know those countries better than any foreign traveller. From his childhood it has been his habit to observe interesting things, and he has travelled not for a year or two but for the greater part of his life in the Soudan. To attempt to sum up in this place all that he said of it would be impossible. Briefly it was this. There are in the Soudan ivory, feathers, hides, wax, gum, tamarinds, honey, dates, sugar-canes, india-rubber and indigo, cotton, corn and tobacco, horses, camels, cows, and all the wild animals that I have named. There are iron and copper, and I believe other minerals. But the case stands in this way. Rich as it is in material the Soudan has hardly any manufactures. Except in Darfour it has no factories for the making of clothes, arms, or cutlery, none for cannon and powder, none for ribbons and laces and ornaments. Nor has it any coinage. Whether for beauty, for use, or for war, it possesses scarcely anything which is made. Timber is useless until it is cut. Ivory is no good unless it comes to market. Now, if the roads were open and safe, the goods in which the Soudan is rich would come to Europe, European manufactures would go into the Soudan, and all alike would be richer. More than this, if the roads were open men of science would travel along them, and knowledge, which the natives want more than anything else in those lands, would go down to them. There are many useful things in the Soudan of which no one knows the existence. I believe it, for instance, to be rich in minerals, but I have not sufficient knowledge myself on that subject to pronounce with certainty. If the roads were open manufacturers also would soon settle themselves near to their bases of supply. Little by little the country would be added to the civilized world. But for any one man to achieve this it is necessary that he should be supported from outside. Had I been the subject of an energetic government, and able and willing to do all that I did by myself, the government would have supported me,

and I should have enriched it. But the Turkish government, even for its own advantage, will not take trouble. As for me, I took great trouble; I worked hard and long. All that I did is wasted now, but if circumstances had gone otherwise, if, instead of living at Cairo for ten years, I had been in Darfour for ten years, it would now be a peaceful country with roads open in all directions, and its riches would be passing out in caravans to exchange with the goods of Europe.

"On the whole, therefore, you think it is a country which would pay for good government?"

"Dear lady, any garden with a good gardener will bring forth fruit. But the gardener must watch it. He must know what is good for rose-trees and what good for apples. He must give water where water is needed. He must know when to dig and when to prune. He must let the green fruit have sun, and gather his harvests when they are ripe. If these things had been done in Darfour, the country would have been prosperous, and this a good governor would do. Those who say that Darfour is barren speak as foreigners. It is badly governed, and nothing prospers; but it is a rich country, and the people are faithful, simple, and good. If they have a good chief, they worship him like God, and do all that he tells them. If they have had a bad chief, they are terrified and they run away. For kindness they will do anything, but they can only be governed by kindness."

At the time of Zebehr's conquest, Darfour, although in many respects barbaric, was not a new country like the provinces of the White Nile. It was an old-established empire. Its cities had their traditions. Manufactures and trade were established. Government, imperfect as it was, had a definite organization. For administrative purposes the country was divided into districts, each of which had its governor, or basha, who held office by the will of the sultan. Each district furnished tribute and soldiers to the empire. The manner in which the tribute was collected depended upon the individual basha. Usually the poor gave nothing, while the rich contributed according to their riches. There was an irregularity in the whole method of procedure which, in the hands of a cruel governor, left opening for hideous injustice, but, administered by a just man, suited well enough with the irregular, half-comprehending wildness of the people. Out of the tribute the basha was allowed to keep a certain proportion for



the purpose of maintaining a military contingent. He did not give his soldiers any pay, but he gave arms and a horse and certain privileges to individuals chosen for military service. They were free in time of peace to do as they pleased, but in return for these advantages they were bound to follow him in war when called upon. Once a year the soldiers of each district were called out and inspected by the sultan. If he was pleased with their number and condition, the governor of the district was praised and rewarded; if, on the contrary, he was displeased, the basha was correspondingly censured or, it might be, removed. The internal government of the district depended almost entirely upon the personal character of the basha. So long as the tribute was paid and the military contingent satisfactory, the sultan asked few questions. The readiest means of escape from an oppressive governor was for the people to load their goods upon camels and flee into the desert. In a country where wide tracts existed of rich and unclaimed land this was easy to do, and under bad governors whole villages migrated, thus depriving the district of their labor and their tribute. In the most literal manner the rule of the unjust impoverished the land, and was to a certain extent checked by its own consequences. Round Darfour there were wild tribes who made constant raids upon the sultan's dominions, and the prisoners taken in these border wars were enslaved. Otherwise there was not much slave-hunting in Darfour itself. It was in the neighborhood of Shekka, along the caravan roads, that slave-hunting was unendurable. At the beginning of the war Zebehr had no desire but to put down slave-hunting, in order to clear the roads. In the eight letters which passed between him and the sultan this is clearly set forth as the cause of the war. But when at the end of the two campaigns he found himself master of Darfour, his views began to enlarge; he entertained schemes for the government of that great province, and interested himself in the people. While the negotiations between him and the Egyptian government on the subject of its transfer were taking place, he took one or two steps which appeared to him necessary in organization, and applied himself to a study of existing conditions, entering into relations with the great men of the country, and gathering information from them. He did not forget his favorite policy of opening the roads, but received deputations having that object

from the kingdoms lying to the west and north of Darfour.

Ismail Yacoub, for whom the way was thus prepared, was briefly described by the pasha in a term which the interpreter translated as a "rubbish man." He came into Darfour knowing nothing of the country which he had undertaken to govern, and having no thought but to get rich. One of his first acts was to seize some of the leading men and even women of high family, and to send them down in irons to Cairo. Some died on the way, others are to this day in prison there. "That," the pasha commented, "is not the way to govern. He ought to have had every one of those men for his friends." He brought with him a staff of seventy clerks, and proceeded to levy a poll tax of forty piastres upon a people who had never been individually taxed before. The poll tax was to become due at the age of sixteen, so that a man having several sons at home had to pay for them and for himself too. The very poor hitherto had paid nothing. Farmers and others had made their contributions to the government in grain or in any goods that they happened to possess. The notion of a poll tax of two dollars a head, which, in the case of large families, mounted up to such a sum in the year as they seldom saw, filled them with dismay. Although the country is rich the larger number of individuals are excessively poor. They have food but no coin, and could not pay if they would. To be called upon to do so simply terrified them and drove them from their homes.\* Deputations came to Zebehr imploring him to intercede, and he remonstrated with Ismail Yacoub.

"This is not government," he said, "it is spoliation. What you are doing will ruin the country, and sooner or later it will rise against you."

Ismail at first resented the interference, and signified to Zebehr that it was no business of his. Afterwards he sent for him, and asked his advice, saying in mockery: "What do you suppose I am going to do? Shall I leave this people untaxed?"

"I do not say that you should leave them untaxed," Zebehr replied, "but that this tax you have put upon them is too heavy for a first year. Hear me! In the

\* If a tax of two dollars should seem small as a cause of insurrection, let the reader remember the Irish tithe riots, when in one parish in Carlow upwards of two hundred of the defaulters were rated at only a farthing a year, and in some cases the tithe fell to the seventh of a farthing.

first year let the tax for the poor be two and a half piastres, and the tax for the moderately rich five piastres, and the tax for rich men be ten piastres. This shall be as a trial for them and for you."

Ismail replied: "No, I see very well that the country is rich; and the tax that you propose is too small."

Zebehr said: "You think so, but you are mistaken. You have to remember that in many districts where you see crops the people have fled away on account of the war. All is unsettled; and what you have to do is to encourage the people and to draw them back, in order that the country may be at peace and prosper again. Their own government has been very bad. It will be easy to teach them to have confidence in you. Put light taxes upon them, they will come back, they will work and grow rich, they will be pleased, and think your government good. Good government taxes the rich and not the poor. It makes people prosperous before it taxes them heavily."

Ismail Yacoub would not listen to reason. His house at home was empty, and he wanted to fill it. He was not a governor, for he had no thought of those he governed, and no sympathy with their wants. He did not wish patiently to cultivate the soil, but to sweep off the crops and go. What he did was like reaping green corn. He ruined the country in order to enrich himself a little. So it has ever been with the governors of the Soudan. That district well governed might be in time the treasury of Egypt, but no one knows how it is despoiled. You have to understand that difficulty of transport makes Khartoum as far, perhaps farther, from Cairo than India is from London. Everything is in the hands of the governors, and it is essential that they should be good men. But instead of this, every governor goes down poor and comes back rich. To change is no use, for it only sends a hungry man in the place of one half satisfied. It is for this reason that the Turkish government cannot keep the Soudan. Still do not think that the Turkish rule has been altogether bad for these barbarous peoples. There has been some good and some bad in it. When the Turks conquered the country it was very wild. There were no roads, it was impossible that merchants should travel. The good done by the Turkish government has been to open the roads. The evil has been that greedy officials have cheated and oppressed the natives. But the roads remain, and the habit of trade

remains, and some day a better race may go down and teach civilization without oppression.

"When you yourself undertook to pay a yearly tribute to the Egyptian government, from what source did you propose to draw it?"

"Not from the taxes of the poor! I was a working merchant, as every governor of a semi-civilized State must be if he wants to have a revenue without oppression. I have told you of my income. I had of course a number of clerks who kept my books, and if I were at home I could tell you exactly what profits came from each branch of trade. I cannot carry the details in my memory; but roughly, as well as I remember, my last accounts showed a net profit of £12,000 a month. It was from this that I should have paid my tribute, and it would have been well worth my while to have given £15,000 a year in order to have the support and sympathy of the government. As you know, I never paid the tribute; for the conquest of Darfour, following in the same year in which the agreement was signed, altered all arrangements."

"But you do not disapprove of the principle of taxing a people in order to meet the expenses of government?"

"On the contrary! On the contrary!

So long as the people get full value from the government for what they pay it is just and right that they should be taxed. But in barbarous countries the tax must be very small, and the governor cannot expect to draw a large income from it. In the countries of which we were speaking, a small tax is desirable for two reasons. One reason is to give an excuse for counting the population, and the second is to accustom the people to the idea of government as a valuable thing—a thing which it is worth their while to pay for, and which must be supported by them. Unless there is an idea of mutual duty between the governed and the government political order is not possible. But for both these reasons it was essential that the tax should be scarcely more than nominal. As regards the counting of the people, a heavy tax simply frightened them away. I have told you how it was their habit to flee from their own bad governors into the desert, and far from enabling the governor to count them, the tax evidently caused them to be hidden from him, thus defeating its own end. Again, with regard to teaching them the benefits of settled government, a large tax was in excess of any benefits that they

could realize. It seemed to them that they gave more than they received, and instead of a beneficial interchange of profit, government appeared in the light of an organized system of robbery."

This and much more Zebehr laid before Ismail Yacoub. The only result was that Ismail Yacoub sent complaints to Cairo that Zebehr was thwarting him and frustrating his plans, giving up the province to him nominally, but not allowing him to have his own way. The khedive telegraphed to Zebehr to forbid any interference on his part with the schemes of Ismail Yacoub, and then Zebehr felt that the only hope of saving Darfour lay in a personal interview with the khedive. Any report that he might write ran risk of suppression, or what was worse, of falsification. He thought that if he saw the khedive face to face, and reported to him personally of the state of things in Darfour, some good might be achieved. He therefore telegraphed that he wished to go down and see the khedive at Cairo. The khedive answered with a very cordial invitation to him to come, and he went down in state. Before starting he disbanded the greater part of his army, and put the remaining six thousand under the nominal command of his son Suleiman, a lad of fifteen.\*

He was already on the way when he was overtaken by a deputation from the king of Borku, who offered himself as a tributary, and proposed to open his roads. The letter of this king was also among the papers that were taken at the time of Zebehr's imprisonment by the English. His deputation brought with it two horses as a present to Zebehr. Zebehr sent back four horses fully caparisoned, and said, "If your king is in earnest let him send and meet me at Cairo, where we will discuss these things before the khedive, and enter into a treaty."

The king of Tagali also came and offered himself, saying, "We have heard a good report of you, and if you will have us we will submit ourselves to you." Tagali is a mountainous district in Kordofan, about three days' journey south of El Obeid, and it is a very wild place, which up to that time had preserved its independence, refusing to submit to the rulers of either Darfour or Kordofan. To the king of Tagali, Zebehr also answered that these matters would be arranged before the khedive, and he pursued his way. These

and many other similar negotiations came to nothing in consequence of the failure of his principal hope.

It was at this period that the commonly related incident of the council under the tree is supposed to have taken place. "There is a large tree," wrote Colonel Gordon, "on the left-hand side of the road from Obeid to Shaka about two miles from Shaka. Under this tree Zebehr assembled his officers and swore them to obey him. If he sent word to them to attend to the arrangements made under the tree they were to revolt." I read this passage from Birkbeck Hill's "Gordon in Central Africa" to the pasha. He smiled and shook his head. "Another of Idris Abtar's," he said; "there is not a word of truth in it. It is not only untrue. If you think of it you will see that it is so unlikely as to be impossible. At the time at which it is supposed to have happened I was strong and at the head of a victorious army. Every one knows that I am no coward. If I had contemplated a revolt against the government I should not have been such a fool as to hand over the province to Ismail Yacoub, to leave my army in the hands of a child, and to go and put myself voluntarily into the khedive's power at Cairo. Also you must know that these are all old stories examined during three years by the khedive Ismail and proved to have no foundation. It is absurd after so searching an investigation to ask me now to deny them. If there had been foundation for them, do you suppose that I should be alive to give you this contradiction? Assuredly not."

The action of Idris Abtar and his relation to Gordon, which involved to some considerable extent also the pasha's relation to Gordon, belong properly to a later portion of Zebehr's life, but as I do not propose to carry this narrative further than his arrival at Cairo in 1875, I repeat here some portion of what he told me with regard to it. Zebehr was at Cairo when Gordon went for the second time into the Soudan. They met just before Gordon started for Khartoum, and they talked over the affairs of the province. Gordon asked Zebehr to give him such help as he could, and Zebehr promised to do so. "You are European and I am Arabic," he said, "but we can be friends. I have a son about sixteen years of age. He is yours. I give him to you, and I will write to him to obey you in everything." He wrote accordingly to Suleiman, telling him to honor Gordon and to follow his instructions. When Gordon got down into the

\* Gordon speaks of this lad as being two-and-twenty years of age at the time of his death. His real age was sixteen.

Soudan he was immediately surrounded by natives, many of whom were jealous of Zebehr, and he was told that Suleiman was preparing to make war. Suleiman was at Shekka with six thousand soldiers. He held them at Gordon's disposal; but Gordon was told that they were for the purpose of fighting against him. He did not at first believe it, but he was persuaded by the people about him. He then desired Suleiman to meet him at Dara, which Suleiman did. After compliments, Gordon said straight out to Suleiman, "I hear you are going to make war against me." Suleiman replied that it was not so, that he was prepared to obey him and to honor him in all things. Gordon told him of the interview he had had in Cairo with Zebehr, and called upon him, if he was loyal as he professed to be, to give up his troops. Suleiman agreed to do so, and at the appointed time, when the troops were drawn up in parade, he sounded his bugle and declared that he gave them into the hands of the governor, and that they were no longer his troops but Gordon's troops. Gordon distributed the soldiers through the provinces, and afterwards went to stay in Suleiman's house at Shekka. He gave Suleiman a medal, made him a colonel, and reported what he had done to Cairo. He also made him a present of arms. "Now all this shows," the pasha said, "that my son, so far, did his duty as I told him to do, and Gordon was pleased with him."\* The mischief arose upon his return to Mandugba.

When the troops had been disbanded at Shekka, Suleiman went to Mandugba and made the discovery of the bad conduct of Idris Abtar, who had now ruled there for three years. He had proved himself thoroughly dishonest. Zebehr's business was ruined, his laws were set aside, the country had been hunted over for slaves; there was riot and anarchy in Mandugba, and Idris Abtar himself was not even living there; he was at Dagu. Suleiman reproached him bitterly, saying, "You were put here as steward for my father, but him you have robbed, and you have wronged his people. Now I will make justice between you."

Upon this Idris was frightened and escaped to Khartoum, where, by means of bribery, he succeeded in laying the story in his own colors before Gordon. He declared that Suleiman was preparing to make war upon Gordon. Gordon in-

quired into the matter, but clever as Gordon was, just and wise, too, as he was, he labored under one great disadvantage in those countries. He did not speak Arabic well enough. The interpreters were in Idris Abtar's pay. Therefore, all the stories which came to Gordon's ears were modified to fit with what Idris Abtar said. Gordon did his best. He endeavored to collect natives of ability around him, but they had not been accustomed to honest dealing with the government. Idris Abtar was very rich, and some of the most eminent men were not above accepting bribes. When Gordon took council with them they assured him that Idris Abtar spoke the truth, and that Suleiman was making ready to fight against the government. "Now all the time they understood quite well," the pasha said, "what I want you to bear in mind, that to Suleiman, Idris Abtar was simply his father's servant, appointed by his father and not dependent on the government. Suleiman was too young to be wise in his conduct at this time. Having so lately assured Gordon of his faith he ought to have known, upon finding disorder and trouble in Mandugba, that it was not for him to try to settle it alone. He ought to have laid the whole matter before Gordon, saying, 'Advise me now what to do.' If he had had the sense to ask him, Gordon would have helped him to put Idris Abtar down and all would have been well. He had twelve uncles with him for councillors. If they had been wise they would have sent him to Gordon, but between them they had no sense, and Suleiman acted like a child not knowing the difficulties of life."

Gordon's councillors at Khartoum advised that Idris Abtar should be made governor of the White Nile. Two thousand soldiers were given to him, and he went down to fight against the boy. Suleiman, hearing of it, wrote to Gordon, saying: "This man is a badly behaved servant of my father's. He lies; he is dangerous and depraved. I blamed him for his conduct and he fled to you. Now you put my servant over me. I cannot for the shame of it submit to him. Send, if you please, any man except this one. Let him be Turkish or European and I will submit; but I cannot to my servant." Before any answer could come Idris attacked. Suleiman fought and was victorious. Many were killed; Idris himself ran away, and returned by water to Khartoum, where he laid his complaint and report before Gordon. The pasha repeated these circumstances twice over

\* The account given by Gordon at the time, although it differs very much in spirit, corroborates this narrative in the main facts.

in careful detail, saying to me: "I want you to understand this, that you may know the cause of my son's death was a servant's treachery."

Upon receiving the news of the defeat of Idris, Gordon was angry, and Gessi was sent to reduce Suleiman to submission. At the same time Gordon wrote to Zebehr, calling upon him to fulfil his promise of helping him with his influence, and Zebehr telegraphed to his son: "I do not wish you to fight; submit to Gessi." This telegram could of course be sent only to Khartoum for Gordon to forward. Gordon received it and sent it on, but fighting had already begun. Suleiman held the place against Gessi altogether for five months. "He was only sixteen," his father said, with a sort of pathetic pride, "and he kept all those troops with a European leader at bay." When Zebehr's telegram arrived, as Zebehr afterwards heard, the boy's uncles strongly advised him to submit, but his blood was up; he was proud, child-like, of his first victories, and he said, "No, if we submit now we shall be all killed." He determined, however, to send messengers to Gordon, who was at Shekka,\* begging him once more to send some one else to take possession of the place, and offering in that case immediate submission. Nine men went to Gordon and begged him to appoint a governor. Gessi, hearing of it, sent a message himself to Gordon, that these men were only spies. Gordon naturally believed his own lieutenant, and the men were taken and executed as spies. News of this came to Suleiman. His uncles again urged him to lay down his arms. He would not, but he sent a second embassy to Gordon. The second embassy met with the fate of the first. Gessi in the mean time had obtained several victories. The uncles perpetually urged Suleiman to lay down his arms. Suleiman was finally beaten and surprised at Dara. Then he yielded. Gessi was sent for. He promised that Suleiman and his relations should go free. Suleiman's soldiers were given up, and peace was sworn. The prisoners lived with Gessi on friendly terms for five days, eating at the same table. On the fifth day they were to separate. Suleiman and his uncles were called together under a tree. Gessi spoke with them very kindly, saying, "Now consult together, and let me know what things you require for your journey." His soldiers were all round the tree. He walked away,

and in five minutes the twelve uncles and the boy were dead—shot by his orders.\*

Now, Gessi, the pasha said, was a poor man, and he did not know the honor of kings. It is not thus that great men act, nor that such a government as the English would wish to act. Think of those wars with which you may be acquainted. When the French and the Prussians fought together, the Prussians gave back their prisoners with honor. After the Russo-Turkish war the Russians gave back their prisoners. When the French fought in Africa they kept their word to Abd-el-Kader. I myself, when I took Moto, though he had killed my cousin, did not use him thus. Nor do I believe that Gordon ordered my son's death by treachery. Afterwards Gessi gathered riches, and went to Suez. But there he died, and God now is his judge.

Gordon heard that I was angry because of my son's death, and on his way up to Khartoum the third time we saw each other in the presence of Sir Evelyn Baring, Nubar Pasha, and the interpreters. Gordon said, "You wrote to your son to fight." I said, "No; it is not true. If I had, then it had been I who killed my son. But I did not." Gordon said, "I hear you are very angry." Then everything was explained between us, and all was made clear. Those who were present can tell you of it as well as I. The interposition of bad men, Idris Abtar's wild stories about me, the reports of my double dealing, everything was explained. Gordon said, "I am very sorry for your son's death." I said, "I gave you my son, and when I gave him to you I gave you rights of life and death; but I do not hold you personally responsible for his death. I know that it was English policy and Gessi, not you, who killed my son." We shook hands and were friends. On my side, I freed Gordon of the guilt of my son's death, and on his side Gordon acknowledged that I had not acted treacherously. I referred him to the great people of Khartoum, who knew me and my family, and afterwards when he went up he found what I had said to be true. All was wiped out between us. Though he was against me, I know Gordon to be a great and

\* I am, of course, acquainted with the official account of this transaction. I give Zebehr's account as he gave it. It is to be remembered that it reached him by report, and is as likely to be inaccurate as ours. But it represents what he and doubtless many other natives believe. He gave me the story twice, with a considerable interval between. I made notes on each occasion at the time. When I compared them afterwards, I found them almost identical.

\* In Gordon's letter this embassy is mentioned.



good man. I respected his character, and if he had lived I should count him among my valued friends.\*

And now would you like to know something? Would you like to know who killed Gordon? I will tell you. At the beginning of the English war in Egypt, Sir Evelyn Baring came to me with three generals. Sir Evelyn Wood was one of the three generals. I told them that to go to war was a great mistake, that all they could achieve would be to destroy cities and to terrify the people, who would rise and very likely massacre Gordon before he could be reached. "If you believe me," I said, "let me manage this matter for you without bloodshed. My family and children are here. Keep them as hostages, and let me go up. I do not want any money, I will go at my own expense; I will go alone. There shall be no blood between you and the Soudan, and I will undertake to bring Gordon safely back. If I prove in any particular unfaithful, do what you will with my family." I made this offer five times. I urged it upon them in every way, for I knew that to march with armies into the Soudan was useless. But they did not believe me. They thought my desire was to work mischief, and they went their way. At that time I could have done all I promised. Gordon at Khartoum wanted to have me sent up. I wanted to go up. If I had gone Gordon would have come home safe. Then who killed Gordon? Not the Soudanese. It was the English, who refused to let him have the friend he asked for. The English killed him, and why? Because they were like children, ignorant, frightened, and believing in evil.†

The pasha put down to Idris Abtar's invention the greater number of the stories known to all who have read the commonly accredited English versions of his career. When they were laid before him he usually dismissed them with a shake of the head. "Another of Idris Abtar's. They are without end." But occasionally he entered into more detail of contradiction. When I told him of the letter encouraging his son Suleiman to revolt, generally reported to have been found among Suleiman's papers, he denied it absolutely. "The letter was never written by me. If it existed, why was it not brought and shown to me face to face, that I might

say, 'I have done this thing, or I have not'?" If they had such a letter, signed by me with my own name, they had proof of my treachery — all that was needed to condemn me to death. No such letter ever existed. It was only a fabrication of my enemies — either a false letter made on purpose, or no letter." On hearing Gessi's account of the desolate condition in which he found the White Nile provinces, the pasha replied that it was not so in his time. He could not answer for the effects of Idris Abtar's rule.\*

When he left Darfour, towards the end of 1875, he went down to Egypt without returning to Mandugba. He took with him one thousand men-at-arms and seventy-five kings' sons, these latter in order that they might be introduced to the khedive, and have the opportunity to study the life of a civilized city. He took also rich presents for the khedive, amongst them one hundred horses, four lions, two leopards, and four parrots. On the way he was received with every demonstration of respect. The towns were decorated for his passage, the governors came out to meet him. "There was," he added, with a smile and a wave of the hand, "nonsense — great nonsense of all kinds; it is not for that that I care."

Ismail received him himself at Cairo with equal honor, gave him a palace and allowed £750 a month for his entertainment, but Zebehr had not gone down for the purpose of being fêted and entertained. He wished to lay before the khedive an exposition of the true state of things in Darfour, and to obtain a promise of support from the Egyptian government in the right administration of that province. It was in vain that he endeavored to approach this object. The khedive used to meet him in society and talk pleasantly upon general subjects; to requests for business interviews he replied always, "To-morrow." At last, after five months of waiting, the khedive granted the interview that he desired, and then instead of listening to Zebehr's report he said quite plainly: "It is of no use for us to talk together. I know you are a man of ability, I believe you would govern Darfour well, but frankly, I am afraid of you. You have

\* The official account of this interview may be found in blue-book "Egypt," No. 12 (1884), p. 38.

† On this subject the reader may be referred to despatches contained in pp. 71, 72, 122, 135, 136, 137, and 145, "Egypt," No. 12 (1884).

\* Some injustice seems certainly to be done to Zebehr when he is held responsible for the state of Darfour as Gordon found it under Ismail Yacoub, and for the state of the Bahr-el-Ghazal as Gessi found it under Idris Abtar. It should be remembered that both these men were his opponents and rivals, one was his open enemy. Their views were the exact opposite of his; and by the action of the Egyptian government in detaining him at Cairo they were enabled to triumph.

made yourself too powerful, and I fear that if I gave you the authority you desire you would set up an empire in Darfour which would rival and perhaps even subjugate Egypt. Egypt is not strong enough to tolerate neighbors so strong. Therefore resign yourself to live with me here in Cairo. I will treat you well, you shall be practically free, only you are to go back no more to the Soudan."

Zebehr submitted, and this was the end of his work in those wild countries. It may well have been that the ease of existence, the more genial companionship, the stimulus of exercising influence at the heart rather than at the extremities of his country's political life, combined to reconcile him to his detention at Cairo. He told me much that was of interest with regard to his life there, but the story which I have proposed to myself to tell ends with his arrival in the capital.

He has never revisited the scene of his former labors, but his prophecies with regard to the results of the Turkish system have come true—Egypt has lost the Soudan. "If you were free now to go and govern it," I asked him once, "what would you do?" "Do not ask me to speak idly," he answered. "Twelve or thirteen years ago I could have told you. Now I have lost touch with the country. I do not know what my own family is doing in the neighborhood of Khartoum, much less what is being done in the countries further south and west. If I went into those countries it would be to go first quietly to my family, where I might consider affairs; then to travel as a merchant or pilgrim, talking with the people and inquiring on all sides. In that way I could judge of things generally and of my own power. After that I might come back and tell you, perhaps, what could be done. But if France or England were to offer me now some millions to go up and settle those countries I could not take it. If I were to accept such an offer I should be acting dishonestly, for I do not now know anything. I only hope. If I went back I hope I should find still many men of good sense in the country, and I should endeavor to bring it to order by means of the good sense which is in it. But to take money now on a definite pledge would be impossible. I am not a selfish nor an ambitious man. All that I want is to keep truth and to do good work. And I care for my name. Many times when I was in Cairo, friends desired me to fly to the desert. I was not kept there by bars and sentries. I was free to travel, and nothing

held me but my name; but I had done no wrong, and if I had fled, the name of Zebehr would have been dishonored. I have kept it clear so far. I want to keep it clear to the end, and to have it said of me afterwards, 'Zebehr was a gentleman till he died.'"

It was, I think, on the same occasion that he accompanied me, when I took leave, as far as the gate. We stood talking while the sentry unfastened it, and, as the man bungled, a heavy iron bar clanged on the asphalt. I shivered a little nervously at the sudden noise. The pasha, observing me, said gently, "Do not think I am sorry, I am quite content."

We spoke often about the English, of whom the pasha had, in two years of close intercourse, acquired some knowledge. He liked and admired them, and especially valued the integrity of English officials. He professed himself glad that the English people should know something of his history, and I can hardly perhaps end this part of it better than by quoting an estimate of them to which the news of his release, announced after these reminiscences had been thrown into shape, has since given a pleasant significance. "So far as my knowledge of them goes," he said one day, "I esteem the English to be an excessively ignorant people, but one which has so strong a natural bent towards justice that when they do know the facts they may be almost certainly trusted to act rightly."

FLORA L. SHAW.

From The Spectator.

#### A STRANGE PLACE.

ABOUT the worst way to see a town, more particularly a manufacturing one, is from the railway. You look out on shabby houses and smoking chimneys, and you think that a more unattractive place could hardly be found, even in England. Droitwich, seen from the station, is no exception to the rule. The eye rests upon dense clouds of smoke and steam, the streets and the station are poor, and it is with some slight effort that the visitor accepts the assurance that near at hand there are lovely lanes and fields, and that the town itself is not so bad after all, — certainly not worse than most small manufacturing places.

Droitwich is a place of great antiquity. To the Romans it was known as Salinæ, and the remains of a villa and fragments of tessellated pavements have been found

near at hand. In the time of the Saxons it was called Wich, and that very appropriate name still clings to it in legal documents. It is only six miles from Worcester, fourteen from Malvern, and twenty from Birmingham, and is fairly well supplied with a service of trains. Two circumstances, however, make it famous,—its inexhaustible brine-springs, and the curious subsidence of the land going on somewhat irregularly over a large area. It claims—and perhaps correctly—to have the best and purest brine-springs in Europe, and the proportion of salt in the water exceeds, it is asserted, that in any other salt-springs in the world. At any rate, while in ten thousand grains of sea-water the solid constituents range from 410 grains in the Mediterranean, 380 in the English Channel, 325 in the German Ocean, to 168 in the Baltic, they reach 2,460 in the Dead Sea, and from four thousand to four thousand two hundred in the Droitwich brine. The salt-springs, or wycles, rise from a depth of two hundred feet, through beds of new red sandstone and gypsum; the annual yield of salt is over one hundred and fifteen thousand tons, of which half is exported to foreign countries. The preparation of the salt is simple, and not particularly interesting. The brine is pumped up into reservoirs or tanks; from these it flows into evaporating basins exposed to very great heat, and it is from the surface of these pans that the clouds of steam rise which in part give the town the appearance of being enveloped in smoke. The wet salt is shovelled up from the bottom of the pans, and is put into long moulds, and then these moulds are placed in a warm, dry room, where the moisture they contain is soon removed; the huge bricks of salt are then turned out of the moulds, and are ready for use and exportation. Trade has of late been dull, and the demand for salt limited, although Droitwich has fared no worse than many other places; and there are signs that, near the station more especially, the demand for new houses has been considerable of late.

We have already pointed out that Droitwich is not an attractive place seen from the station, and a closer inspection of the town accounts for the comparatively humble character of the shops and houses. The fact is, that the town is slowly sinking; the removal of vast quantities of brine, continuing as that has done for nearly two thousand years, sufficiently accounts for the subsidence of the land.

Had, however, the subsidence been uniform over a large area, the appearance of the town would not have been so much affected. Unfortunately, the sinking is very irregular, and some portions of the town have sunk considerably, while others seem little changed. A house standing in grounds of eight acres, called the Heriots, is said not to be affected at all, while an orchard a couple of hundred yards off is sinking. Again, in the Worcester Road the sinking has been marked, and the walls enclosing the gardens there have in places sunk until only the top rises above the surface of the ground. Near Queen Street there are houses the roofs of which alone remain above ground, and in the High Street the sinking has been decided, especially in one part. We have already said that the subsidences are irregular; in other words, there are certain lines parallel to which the sinking is less and less rapid the greater the distance from those lines, and consequently the houses lean towards the lines of greatest subsidence; this in time leads to wholesale destruction of houses, and only the most careful supporting keeps them from falling bodily. It is curious, however, that, so gradual is the sinking, cracks in the ground do not form and houses do not fall bodily, only one cottage having given way for years, although houses and shops have sometimes to be taken down to keep them from falling; in other words, the sudden sinkings that take place in some mining districts, and which cannot be guarded against, and which, when they do occur, mean the instantaneous collapse of half a street, never occur at Droitwich. It is said that in twenty years the land has sunk nineteen feet in Queen Street. As it is necessary to keep the roads, streets, and yards level, the rates are heavy, and street-repairing and raising are constantly going on; and thus it comes about that by levelling up the streets, the adjoining walls get at last covered in with earth, for it must be noticed that the houses and walls are not actually sinking *into* the ground, but they are sinking, *pari passu*, with the ground, and getting covered with soil in consequence of the large quantities of the latter brought from a distance to keep up the old level.

Some parts of the old town show small signs of any change, and houses are pointed out that have stood a couple of centuries or more, and seem little the worse. One of the churches near the new post-office, however, is unused, being considered dangerous, and another, just out

of the town, is very decidedly out of the perpendicular. Any permanent improvement of the town is out of the question as long as the brine-springs are being worked, and as the trade and prosperity of the district depend upon them, we cannot wish that they should soon be exhausted.

It is rather curious to find large baths and handsome hotels in the midst of such surroundings; for be it said with all respect for the undoubted beauty and fertility of the neighborhood, Droitwich cannot compare, even in the estimation of its inhabitants, with Malvern, Leamington, or Cheltenham. The explanation is, that the Droitwich brine has long had a great and deserved reputation in cases of rheumatism and gout; and of late, larger numbers than ever of visitors, some of them persons of high rank, have flocked into the town. The water is decidedly cold, and requires heating; but if all one is told be true, its efficacy is perfectly marvellous. One of the resident physicians assured us that after sufferers from rheumatic gout had had a bath, the water they had used had been found on analysis to contain appreciable quantities of urate of soda, the *materies morbi* of gout. This statement startled us a good deal, or rather the explanation offered, — that the solvent properties of the brine removed the urate of soda from the tissues; it may be so, although the more probable explanation is, that it was washed off the skin. There can, however, be no doubt that a course of treatment at Droitwich, in suitable

cases, is most beneficial, and that remarkable cures have been effected. It is somewhat unfortunate, though, that sufferers from the many forms of gout are too fond of confining their attention to medical treatment and change of air, forgetting that, however valuable these may be, still more can be hoped for from careful diet and simple and natural habits of life; otherwise the benefit of a visit to Droitwich soon passes away, and the sufferer is little better than he was before he visited the town.

Droitwich could be used as a very good centre for excursions, and the railway communication places it within a short run of Malvern, Bewdley Forest, Hereford, Gloucester, and Tewkesbury, where the visitor finds much to interest him. Birmingham and Wolverhampton, with their vast factories and ceaseless hum of business, are also so near that an hour will take the traveller into the heart of both. After all, the sick of the richer classes must go to the places where they can get the greatest relief; and as Droitwich is not so unattractive as it at first sight appears, and as gout is not likely soon to cease to claim a large army of victims in England, there is no doubt that the brine-baths of Droitwich will become better known, and attract larger and still larger numbers of visitors every year. By the way, after using the baths a few times, the skin becomes soft like velvet, and this is a certain proof that the action of the water is very decided.

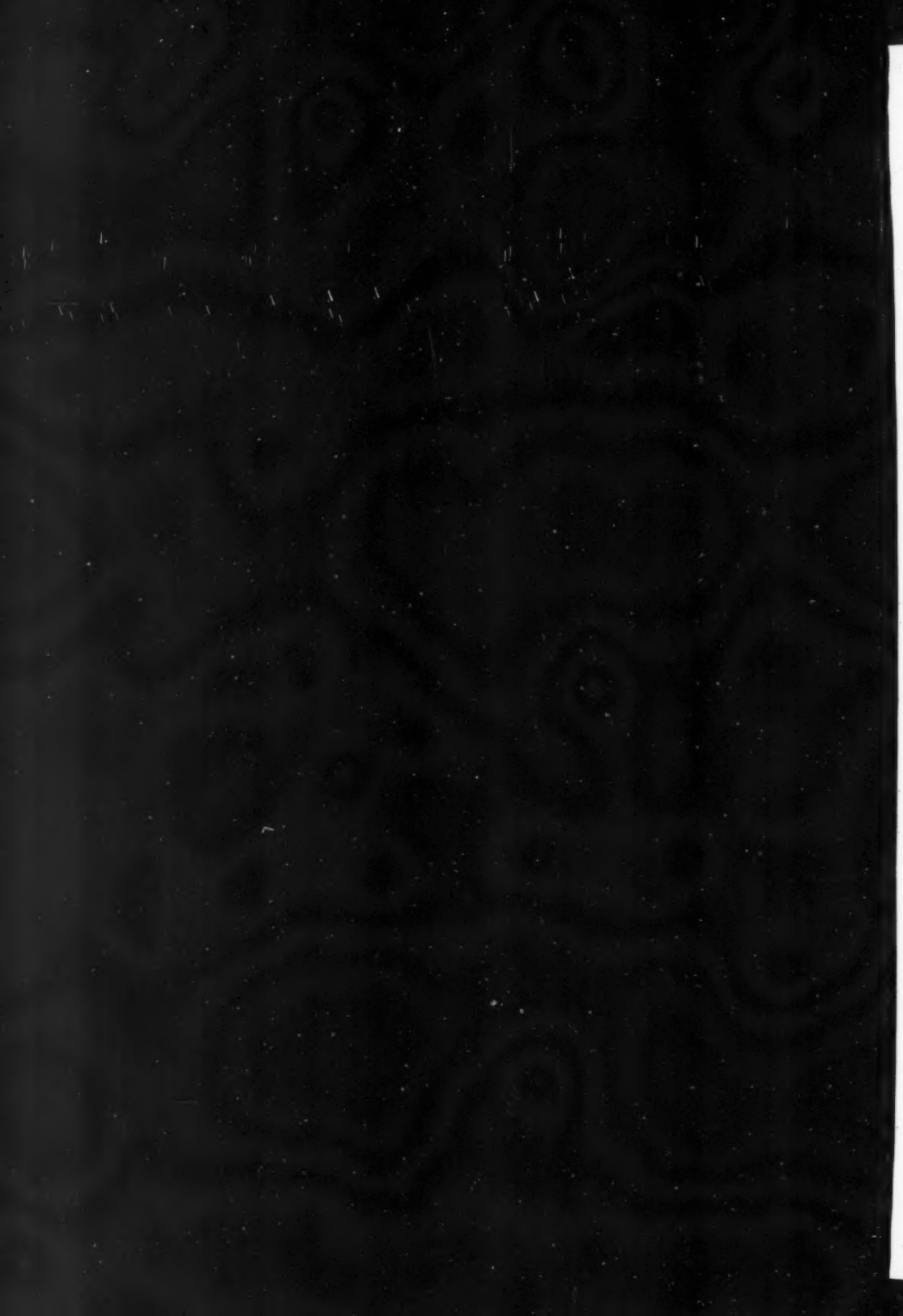
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